New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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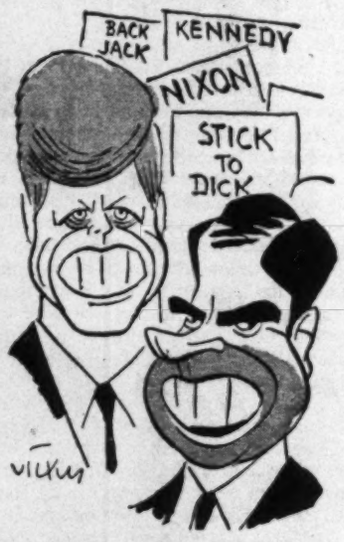

AMERICA'S CHOICE

★

C. H. ROLPH
Lady Chatterley's Triumph

★

CRITIC in Prague

★

NOTTING HILL
Situation Desperate

★

EDWARD HYAMS
Flooded Countryside

★

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
The Plague of Europe

★

OLIVIER TODD
French Cinema

The Deep Waters of Polaris

THE most vital aspects of the Anglo-American Polaris agreement were not even touched upon by Mr Macmillan in his statement on Tuesday, nor raised by Opposition leaders. First, what is the US motive in foisting the Polaris base on Britain? Soviet striking capacity in long-range missiles is now, or shortly will be, capable of eliminating the following targets: (a) all US and allied nuclear bases within a 1,500-mile periphery of the Communist bloc; (b) industrial and population complexes within the Detroit-New York-Pennsylvania triangle of the US. The only way in which US defence strategists can reduce the targets in category (b) is by increasing them in category (a). The decision to base the sea Polaris in Britain, and the known US plan to base the land Polaris on western Europe, is therefore a plain attempt, solely in US national interests, to increase the nuclear 'load' which we will have to carry.

Secondly, the nature of the weapon itself. The Polaris now installed in the *George Washington*, which begins war patrol this month, is a primitive weapon. Its margin of error is so great that it is pointless to zero it on Soviet nuclear bases: it can be used only for the indiscriminate destruction of Soviet population centres. The 16 H-bomb warheads carried by the *George Washington* are therefore designed solely for the slaughter of tens of millions of Russians. Britain, as part of the Polaris system, must therefore expect retaliation on a comparable scale.

Thirdly, despite an elaborate communications network, there is no guarantee – indeed there can be no guarantee – that the American President, still less the British Prime Minister, will be consulted about the use of Polaris. Admiral Rickover, its master-spirit, has himself admitted that a Polaris submarine commander can lose complete contact with base (let alone Washington and London) and may therefore be obliged to fire his missiles at his own discretion, with stray radio bulletins, picked up on the submarine's receivers, as his sole guidance. Hence Mr Macmillan's 'arrangements' with President Eisenhower are a pure gentleman's agreement, with no mechanical safety device. As De Gaulle has perceived, the only sure means whereby the host country can exercise a veto over the decision is by securing physical control of the instrument – and this the Americans refuse. Indeed, they will not even allow British representatives on the Polaris submarines.

These increased risks, it is argued, are counterbalanced by the immense addition which Polaris makes to the efficacy of the deterrent. The Polaris submarine is 'undetectable'; it is 'an absolute weapon'. It is nothing of the sort. In his 1959 White Paper, Mr Sandys rejected the missile submarine on the grounds that it was detectable – indeed, he actually used the word at a press conference on 10 February 1959. Since then, detection techniques have unquestionably advanced; there is nothing to prevent Soviet 'killer' submarines from shadowing each Polaris vessel from the moment it leaves port (the crew must be changed every three months) and destroying it instantly in the event of hostilities. The Polaris submarine has no effective defensive equipment.

Indeed, for this very reason, the US is anxious to proceed to Phase Two of the Polaris programme: the provision of longer-ranged Polaris missiles, fired from railway trucks, to the Nato powers under the direction of SHAPE. General Norstad has already drawn up proposals to this effect, and will urge their acceptance at the December Nato meeting. The British government and service chiefs are in the main opposed to this project, which would increase the risks and at the same time put Britain on a political parity with the smaller Nato powers. But Mr Macmillan did not give the House even a hint of these matters. The Opposition Front Bench must now demand a full scale debate on the subject, and insist that their defence spokesmen are told the full truth – or exercise their freedom to alert the nation to the fearful dangers which the government's policy now imposes on it.

Comments on the Week's News

Westminster

After the Vote

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* There was a day, just before the House resumed to clear up the fag-ends of the old session, when experienced calculators thought that Mr Harold Wilson might just about win the contest for the leadership. Two days later no one would give him a price. The one event in the interval had been the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party; and it may be that Mr George Brown's widely reported assertion there that at the finish it had been Mr Frank Cousins who had refused a compromise on defence and that compromise was now impossible, swung opinion. Or it could have been that Wilson's own speech, in exceptionally difficult circumstances, was less effective than one had expected and provided an excuse for turning the other way to people who anyway are inclined to distrust him. Perhaps both these factors combined with the parliamentary party's instinctive dislike of change, with its susceptibility to the propaganda of a united Tory press and with the insidious influence of patronage – greatly increased since Mr Hugh Gaitskell began to appoint shadow junior ministers as well as a shadow Cabinet – to send many members marching down the hill again just when they had marched nearly to the top.

Does this mean that Wilson was, after all, wrong to stand? Even though he cannot ever have put his chances very high and must have known from past experience that the majority of rebels against leadership, when really faced with the issue, look around for the first convenient straw which will float them back to safe anchorage, he could not have stood aside once Gaitskell had issued his challenge and a spokesman of the left had accepted it.

This, however, is now old hat. What is to happen in the next 12 months is now far more important. If Gaitskell intends to keep his toes deeply dug into his Scarborough line, there can be no doubt that some 40 or 50 convinced unilateralists in the parliamentary party will fight back and that they will have increasing backing both of a considerable number of Labour supporters outside and of non-unilateralist MPs who are already shaken by the decision to provide Polaris bases in this country. Indeed the party is already in difficulty on this issue.

Political control over bases was one demand on which the whole Labour movement was united even at Scarborough, and one would therefore have expected the leadership to throw down a challenge at once. Yet, in the immediate political circumstances, and because of the logic of its own arguments, the leadership dare not challenge on the only major issue which, so far, faces the new session of parliament. It has been left to Mr Emmanuel Shinwell to take up the running as a piece of private enterprise, while the leadership prods the government at the tactically safe points of education and rents.

Perhaps this experience, on top of all the other experiences of party feeling which he has had in the past 12 months, may at last teach Gaitskell the folly of leading with his right. Already Polaris has produced yet another new situation on defence which makes out of date many of the arguments bandied about at Scarborough; and if, now, the Americans proceed with their plans to make Nato mainly nuclear and to hand over mobile Polaris missiles, operated from land, to all Nato members, the situation will change again. If Gaitskell persists in trying to stand firm on such shifting sands he may well be submerged, and the party with him. If, however, after his victory in the leadership election, he can now show a real desire to reach reasonable agreement – which, after all, the unilateralists have shown since their victory at Scarborough – the party may yet regain both its position as the official Opposition and the respect of its erstwhile supporters in the country.

Peking

Helping the Algerians

A student of the Chinese press writes: The Cuban government's take-over of US enterprises was described in the *Ta kung pao* last week as 'a powerful counterblow to the US aggressive economic blockade and another victory in the heroic Cuban people's struggle against the United States.' The commentator added the warning that 'US imperialism is busy recruiting Cuban traitors and counter-revolutionaries and is organising forces of intervention in various Latin-American countries'. The Chinese public has been made alive to Cuba's role by many visitors from Cuba and the reports of Chinese delegations.

The Chinese press has increasingly supported the Algerian struggle. On the two most widely celebrated days of the year, May Day and 1 October, the Algerian Provisional government was given special honours. The Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister was in Peking in May, and Prime Minister Ferhat Abbas was there in October. Krim Belkacem's speeches were widely publicised. The theme was always the same. As the joint communiqué signed last May put it: 'so long as the colonialist oppressors and imperialist aggressors were not wiped out and national independence of all the peoples was not recognised, genuine and permanent peace would be impossible. The two parties studied various ways to increase friendly cooperation between China and Algeria'. Prime Minister Ferhat Abbas was welcomed in Peking on 4 October at a rally of 10,000 people and his statements given a great coverage. He stated: 'The Algerian people know from their long experience that in order to compel the imperialists to give up their criminal undertakings, they must arm themselves with guns . . . All colonial domination is a matter of force, and what has been established by force can only be destroyed by force'. During his stay in China, he said that Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese leaders had held important talks with him. 'They concerned the conditions of the struggle in Algeria and the further development of the relations of friendship and cooperation between China and Algeria, the situation in Asia and Africa, and the present international situation. The two parties reached, to their satisfaction, an identity of views'. The *People's Daily* editorially wrote: 'For six years the Algerian people, holding high the banner of national liberation, have waged an unswerving struggle in extremely difficult conditions against the French colonialists backed by US Imperialism. Despite the frenzied suppression and slaughter by the French colonialist troops with modern equipment, the Algerian people have become even stronger through fighting and have won tremendous victory after victory'.

Ferhat Abbas's visit to Moscow en route for Peking resulted in the Soviet de facto recognition of his Provisional Government. The Chinese press recorded his visit and later his call on the Hungarian government. Back in his residence in Tunis, Ferhat Abbas gave an interview to the leader and deputy leader of the Chinese Exhibition to the International Fair. *Hsinhua's* account read: 'Premier Abbas said that the mightiness of China was an inspiration to the Algerian people . . . He pointed out that 'while we seek a peaceful settlement of the Algerian problem, we will never give up armed struggle till final victory is won'.

The Law

Ingleby Legends

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* Strong feelings are stirred by problems of child care. The Ingleby Committee, reporting after four years, delicately says that there are 'inter-service rivalries'. But hostility would be a more accurate word. The NSPCC has sustained the worst and least merited wounds, since the rest seem to have ganged up against it. The report recommends that its power to bring 'care or protection' cases before the juvenile courts should be withdrawn, requiring it, in effect, to submit its cases to the police or the local authority. It is not easy to see why.

The usual complaint about the NSPCC is that its inspectors, who have done their job very well for 75 years, are not adequately trained; but by comparison the police, in this regard, are not trained at all, an undisputed fact which leads the Ingleby Committee to damn the 'police juvenile liaison officer schemes' of Liverpool and elsewhere with barely audible praise.

The committee does show an appreciation of present difficulties (hitherto overcome by bluff) when it recommends that senior officers of police be empowered, in emergency, 'to issue a written authority to a constable to enter and search premises for a child

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suspected of being assaulted, ill-treated, or neglected'. This and other recommendations demonstrate the value of what was, in effect, a last-minute extension of the committee's terms of reference to include the prevention or forestalling of 'the suffering of children through neglect in their own homes'.

Moreover, though the report urges that more research is needed, there is ample ground for its recommendation that all local authorities be required by statute to submit schemes to prevent the suffering of children through neglect in their own homes; and the schemes would no doubt have to include proposals for the training of experts.

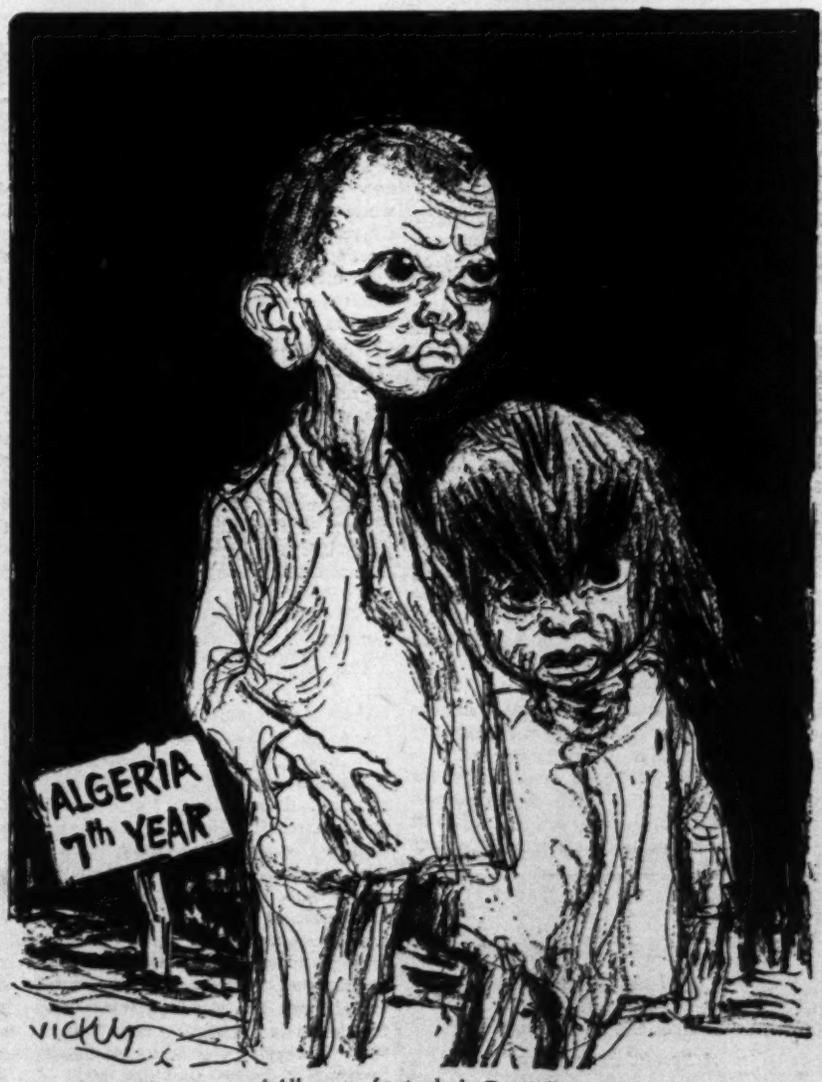
The case for moving the 'care and protection' aspects of juvenile court work 'further away from the conception of criminal jurisdiction' is beyond dispute, though it would be complicated (and no doubt retarded) by the thoroughly sound proposal to raise the age of criminal responsibility from eight to 12 – and 'possibly to 13 or 14'. But to substitute 'protection or discipline' for the present phrase 'care or protection' will never justify the committal of such children to remand homes until most of those oddly-assorted and ill-equipped institutions have been knocked down and redesigned.

It has often been said that our system of unpaid magistracy precludes any compulsory training for justices – that a man who is sufficiently public-spirited thus to give his services to the community cannot be subjected to rigorous tests and screenings. But there is certainly no shortage of aspirants for the juvenile court bench; and so long as the supply so greatly exceeds the demand there should be no difficulty in fulfilling the Ingleby recommendation (para 161) that 'every member of a juvenile court panel, whether lay or stipendiary, should be adequately trained for his duties'.

The report has not overlooked the crowded juvenile court waiting rooms, where mothers and children can sit throughout an eight-hour day, the children mixing indiscriminately with the convicted and the unconvicted, with the 'criminal' and the neglected, with the clean and the filthy – and, more often than not, with nothing to do but fret and quarrel. 'The work of the justices may be greatly hampered if all are compelled to wait in one overcrowded room' is the mild Ingleby verdict on this scandalously neglected aspect of juvenile court work; and 'every effort should be made to provide more suitable accommodation'.

On approved schools the committee's recommendations, many of which reflect the Carlton House disturbances last year, are all to be welcomed – greater uniformity, the issue of a 'manual of advice' for the managers of these schools, psychiatric facilities, 'family group' schools for the older girls, and two years of 'statutory' after-care upon release.

A surprisingly large number of these recommendations do no more than confer official blessing upon the extra-legal stratagems and bluffs at present in moderately successful use. But prompt fulfilment of the really new proposals would revolutionise the 'preventive' work rather than the corrective. Above all, perhaps, it is a plea for a rationalised and huge extension of the pioneer work done by the Family Service Units.



'Allons, enfants de la Patrie!'

India Speaks

Our Legal Correspondent writes: The distinguished lawyers who have been delivering the annual Hamlyn Lectures by way of 'spreading an appreciation of English law' – Lord Denning, Sir Arthur Goodhart, Sir Patrick Devlin, Dr Glanville Williams and others – now include Mr M. C. Setalvad, the Attorney-General of India. He delivered the last of his four lectures, on *The Common Law in India*, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn last Thursday; and as now published under that title by Stevens & Sons at 21s. they form an outstanding addition to the literature of the law. They evoke not only student memories of Hastings, Macaulay, and Fitzjames Stephen but also a new appreciation of the English Common Law as an incomparable code, despite all its imperfections, for the civilised settlement of human affairs. Mr Setalvad was under no necessity to pretend, as our legal luminaries have so often done, that the Common Law is ageless, complete, and not to be added to by contemporary judicial wisdom. 'When I speak of the Common Law of India,' he said, 'I have in view comprehensively all that is of English origin in our system of law;' but he was including 'not only what in England is known strictly as the Common Law but also its traditions, some of the principles underlying the English statute law, the equitable principles developed in England in order to mitigate the rigours of the Common Law' (he shows a lively awareness of the rigours) 'and even the attitudes and methods pervading the British system of the administration of justice.' The history of the Indian code comes to life as he retells it, with acknowledgements to English promptings as recent as the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, and with many an apt comparison about the laws of larceny, fraud, and assault. The Hamlyn Trustees' invitation to Mr Setalvad to deliver this year's lectures was a happy inspiration, and the now famous collection of the authentic texts is the richer for it.

Commonwealth

Police State in Rhodesia

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: In southern Africa the law, and anyone connected with it, is regarded with a curious, semi-superstitious awe. This fact increases the significance of the resignation of Sir Robert Tredgold, Chief Justice of Central Africa. Sir Robert's action is the outcome of the long series of draconian measures introduced into Southern Rhodesia by Sir Edgar Whitehead's government. The immediate issue of the Law and Order (Maintenance) Bill follows closely on the powers accorded to the police to arrest and detain unemployed Africans and the military occupation of African townships. Southern Rhodesia is fast becoming a police state. The belated banning of the white Rhodesian Republican Army, a kind of Ku Klux Klan designed to terrorise all liberals,

only illustrates the greater readiness of the government to use force against genuine African political activity than against white gangsterism.

Sir Robert's resignation – and his decision to fight Whitehead – may provide a chance for the saner whites to organise nationally in order to save the country from following the disastrous path of South Africa. It is important to remember that, even under extreme provocation, the main African nationalist body, the National Democratic Party, at its first conference could still proclaim that its battle is against white supremacy and not against white people.

Meanwhile, if anything positive arises from the new situation, it may radically alter the deployment of forces throughout East and Central Africa. Last week Julius Nyerere, in Tanganyika, offered to postpone the independence of his own country in order to accelerate constitutional progress in Kenya and Uganda and to build an East African federation. He meets the suspicions not only of his own people but of those who think 'federation' to be a dirty word. It is already known that Nyasaland would like to join with East Africa, and Northern Rhodesia may follow suit. If sanity can be brought to Southern Rhodesia the prospect opens up of a vast association of Africa states stretching from the Limpopo to the Sudan, with all the wealth of the Copper Belt and Kenyan and Southern Rhodesian industry at its disposal.

White Man's Burden

One of the major problems facing colonial states at their moment of independence is a lack of trained personnel to man the administration. The problem could hardly have come under a fiercer spotlight than is now shining on the Congo. Lack of earlier training for Africans in the civil service creates an urgent demand for the retention of white civil servants prepared to serve an African government. Yet such governments are usually unable, and perhaps unwilling for social reasons, to pay the whole of their civil service the inflated salaries which were needed to attract expatriots of sufficiently high calibre. If they continue to pay their white bureaucrats at previous rates the cry of discrimination will be raised: if they do not, men who are essential to them will leave the country and replacements will not be attracted. The Colonial Secretary is to be congratulated on meeting this problem squarely with a promise in the new White Paper that the British government will meet the inducement allowances, additional pensions entailed, and some of the other costs involved in returning overseas staff. This new scheme should avoid the effect of the previous form of compensation which has been largely to induce overseas officers to retire. It will cost between £12 million to £16 million, which is money well spent. It cannot, of course, either guarantee future careers, which is one of the major concerns of the overseas civil servant, or ensure that the new African governments will treat their officials fairly. What is even more unfortunate is the evidence that many of the African experts in the Colonial Service will be lost as the responsibilities of the Colonial Office decline, because neither the Foreign Office nor the Commonwealth Relations Office is prepared to employ them. At the very moment knowledge of Africa is at its highest-ever premium such short-sightedness is not only unfair to the men involved, but an appalling waste of valuable knowledge.

Science

The New Wild West

NIGEL CALDER *writes:* Why all Britain is not agog to follow the scientists' great adventure into the undersea is something which baffles me; why no powerful pressure groups are at work (as there are for the space circus) urging that Britain, with her maritime traditions, should invest heavily in the exploration of the oceans. For this, surpassing any Hollywood epic, is the story which has everything.

All this is relevant because in Paris this month, the General Conference of Unesco will set up an Intergovernmental Oceanographic Commission to plan concerted scientific research in the oceans. Already a start is being made by the scientists' Special Committee on Oceanic Research: a survey of that forgotten sea, the Indian Ocean, which will bring together during the next four years research ships from the US, Russia, Britain, Japan, Australia, India, France and other European countries.

I call the oceans the new Wild West because of their almost unlimited commercial potential and their potential lawlessness. Until recently, man's only interest in the undersea (apart from submarine warfare) has been the hunting of fish; now the promise is that the biological riches of the sea, founded on the photosynthesising plankton-pastures at the surface, will provide for more protein for human food than they do at present. In part this can be achieved by an extension of conventional methods – by taking more care in the conservation of fish and by developing fisheries in the untrawled southern seas. But the more exciting prospect is in fish-farming; the new frontiersman will learn to herd and rear fish, and clear portions of the sea of predators and of 'pests' like starfish, which consume most of the fishes' food. There is a great new industry here; and a new way of life for thousands, on and under the sea.

Then there are the minerals of seawater and the ocean floor. Already man extracts salt, magnesium and bromine from sea-water: potassium, uranium and gold are to be had if the right techniques can be found. A start has been made in drilling for undersea oil; it may be that a third of the world's petroleum lies underneath the continental shelves. Again, great stretches of the ocean bed are strewn with nodules of iron and manganese ore, there for the lifting. What lies underneath the deep-sea floor, we hardly know.

With so much wealth, there is a wide scope for national and commercial rivalry. The day cannot be far off when the first ranch will be created, the first mining claim staked. Who will enforce as yet non-existent laws in these huge territories which nobody owns? Nor is it just a matter of avoiding gun-fights: in their enthusiasm, the first fish-farmers could easily wreck the balance of nature in the sea.

Already there has been trouble. To the nuclear engineers, the ocean depths seemed a natural place to disembarrass themselves of shiploads of radioactive wastes; only the fury of usually gentle oceanographers has outlawed that practice – for the time being. Now, too, the oceans are becoming part of the nuclear weapons systems of the US and Russia: the first missile-carrying submarines are slipping out to sea and fixed undersea missile bases and communications centres are a real possibility; the drums are beating for a new, weird war-dance among the fishes.

The story has all the traditional elements of a sea-saga; the battle with wind, wave and ice; the daring of exploration in bathyscapes at pressures where structural failures mean instant death. It also has hard science and several embryonic technologies. It has the promise of good fortune for all men; but it also has the threat of new stupidities and new cruelties. As man stretches his good spirit and his greed, his scientific humility and his military pretensions, into a new dimension, there are three-quarters of the Earth, almost virgin, to win, lose or die for.

NEXT WEEK

Poles and Germans

by JOHN MANDER

Children's Books

A Special Supplement

Oxford

The Press War

A University Correspondent writes: Undergraduate life in Oxford, under proctorial rule, is still subject to a fussy and bureaucratic paternalism which assumes that, in the absence of archaic discipline, the students are likely to go to hell and take the university with them. But this term has begun with a new proctorial dispensation. Revisionists, such as the leadership of the Labour Club, have clashed with the Proctors several times in the last two years, and they can reasonably claim some credit for the new course announced by the Clarendon oligarchs. It is now possible for undergraduates to smoke when wearing academic dress, to go to public dances and even, like other adult citizens, hold meetings in the back room of a pub. They may, moreover, march through the streets of Oxford – on condition that they do not carry banners bearing the name of the university or a university club.

In the campaign which led to these moderate reforms a significant part was played by *Isis*, whose pages reflected the marked change in Oxford's political climate in recent years. But its troubles with the Proctors and, in the official secrets case, with the law led to disagreements between the staff and the proprietors. Earlier this year, the owner of the journal departed from precedent and refused to accept the retiring editor's nominee for the succession; when his own nominee, Mr David Dimbleby was appointed, the other members of the staff resigned in a body.

The result is yet another Oxford magazine, *The New University*, of which the first two fortnightly numbers have now appeared. Dressed in a guise that closely resembles the first issues of the *Universities and Left Review*, and expressing much the same point of view, it is bidding for a much wider readership than either *Isis* or *Cherwell* have achieved, and it is already circulating in other universities. Here, indeed, it may meet a real need. Intelligent discussion of university problems, of curricula, teaching methods and values, is just as much the business of undergraduates as the H-bomb, mass persuasion and experiment in the theatre and the cinema. The standard set by these first two issues is yet another sign that the 'new wave' is carrying Oxford out of the doldrums in which it drifted after the war.

The Churches

Tea with the Scarlet Woman

An Ecclesiastical Correspondent writes: The news that Dr Fisher is to pay a call on the Pope has been received with polite acclamation in the Home Counties and steadily increasing disapproval further north and west. High churchmen are delighted, low churchmen resigned, but critical that Rome should have been chosen as the venue; the Church of Scotland is cool, the Free Churches, for the most part, frankly hostile. To judge by the nervously dismissive comment from Westminster, the English Catholic hierarchy is none too happy either. Needless to say, they do not seem to have been informed in advance of the projected visit, and they seem to view it with an alarm not unlike that of, say, the Albanian Communist Party awaiting a drastic change of line from the Kremlin. After all, if Canterbury comes to terms with Rome, where will Westminster be?

Of course it is far too soon to talk of coming to terms. The idea of the visit, it seems, is that Dr Fisher should take tea with the Scarlet Woman (or rather her jovial representative) and that the two should get to know each other. Serious talk about unity will come later – probably much later. At this stage, the strategists on both sides argue, the need is for contacts rather than negotiations, and the Archbishop's call is likely to be the first of many. There is no doubt that Dr Fisher is prepared to go a long way to set up regular relations with Rome. After the meeting of the World Council of Churches this summer, he wrote: 'The pace is quickening. We must enter into the unity of spirit with Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and even Roman Catholics. We all know that we must get together and learn to like to be together before we can seriously grow together'.

At the same time, in Pope John, Dr Fisher has a fellow spirit. The Pope's primary interest is to get a working agreement with the eastern church, but he is also anxious to prepare the way towards relations with the Protestants. He has already set up a special body in Rome to deal with the problem of reunification, and its secretary, Mgr Willebrands, attended the World Council meeting as an official observer – the first Vatican cleric to do so. This was a major concession from Rome, and it is likely to be followed by others.

Unity, however, can never come about until Rome accepts several fundamental changes in doctrine which go to the heart of its claims. There is little chance that the present Pope is either able or willing to bring them about himself. They must be left to a younger successor. Pope John's election showed that a liberal majority already exists among the College of Cardinals as a whole; the problem now is to reduce the reactionary stranglehold on the Curia, and this can be done only by judicious replacements as the old men die. The Scarlet Woman moves slowly; but in Rome, as well as in Canterbury, the travellers are setting out hopefully.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

An index to Vol. LIX (January-June 1960) is now available, price 2s. 6d. post free, from NEW STATESMAN, *Great Turnstile, London, WC1.*

The Choice Before America

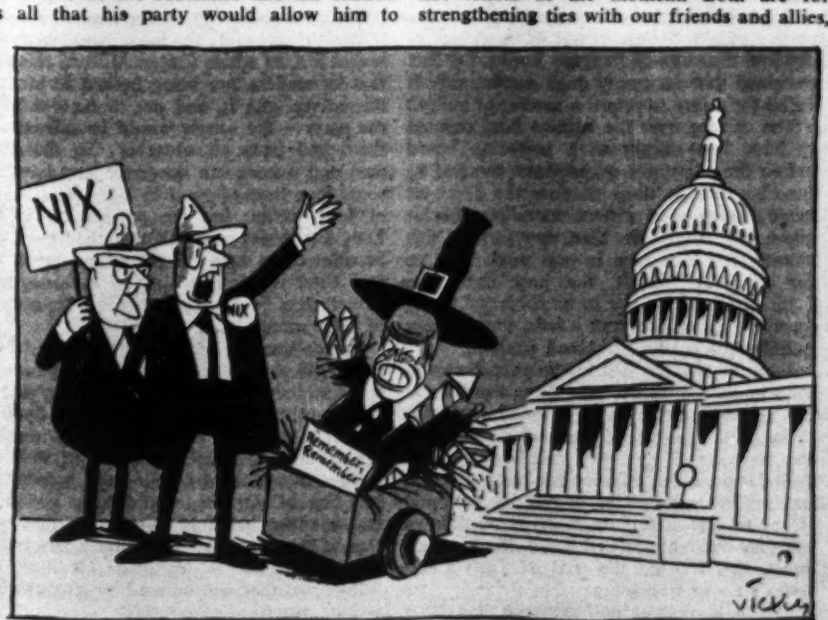
ROBERT BENDINER

In Utopian republics, no doubt, voters carefully weigh the contrasting programmes of rival leaders, consider their capacities for carrying them out, and then vote with scientific calm and predictable results. In more earthy republics, like this one, elections work out differently. Neither Mr Nixon nor Mr Kennedy has anything like a detailed blue print for the next four years, and if he had he would not offer it to the elecorate – it would be tactically foolish because it would greatly increase his vulnerability in the campaign, and strategically foolish because it would bind him too rigidly once he were elected. Indeed the low points of this year's campaign were its moments of greatest particularity, when Nixon announced what he would do if the Chinese attacked Quemoy in his term of office and when Kennedy proposed immediate American aid to anti-Castro, anti-Batista Cubans. These were not issues so much as incidental questions thrown up by the fortunes of a particularly haphazard kind of debate, but they hurt both candidates and resulted in quick retreats in a self-generated fog.

The fact is, it is not programmes that decide presidential elections, but the broad directions in which the nominees seem to be moving, their personalities and capacities, and the public's instinctive reaction to them. This is not to say that there are no issues in this campaign. There are. But they are vaguely in the air rather than spelled out. The election will not hinge on what the candidates have said about them but rather on what the electorate think the candidates really mean and what it believes their supporters will allow them to deliver. Nixon, for example, can talk ever so earnestly about sharing his opponent's desire to 'move ahead', to get federal money into the school system, to promote a medical aid programme for the aged, and the like. But citizens who despise all such welfare state wickedness will vote for him anyhow, because they know from his record that he favours the shadow over the substance and the shadow is all that his party would allow him to offer in any case. Those who really want welfare legislation, on the other hand, will turn to Kennedy, who has supported it consistently, if not eagerly, in Congress, and whose party would nudge him into it even if he were reluctant.

It is here that the parties, which strike so many Europeans as fatuously lacking in ideology, take a real meaning. Even assuming (and I think the assumption unwarranted) that both nominees started out with their feet planted at political dead centre, the pulling and hauling on a President Kennedy would be from the Left – from the unions, the liberals, the civil libertarians, the low in income and the high in fervour. Yielding, as he would have to do if he were to enjoy a successful term and the hope of re-election, he would incur the steadily mounting wrath of the conservatives and soon be caught up, emotionally as well as politically, in an all-out commitment. This is what happened, in part, to Harry Truman and even, to some extent, to Franklin D. Roosevelt. It may already have happened to Kennedy, or, as Arthur Schlesinger Jr puts it: 'Once Kennedy resolved the problem of his own identity, his own emotions were liberated for an increasingly forceful commitment to liberalism.' A President Nixon, on the other hand, would experience an equally strong pull from the right, as Eisenhower did. Given his political history, I find it hard to imagine that he would require more than a gentle tug.

While there is little doubt that peace is a greater concern at the moment than welfare legislation or economic policy, it is actually less of an issue. For there is little to choose between the foreign policies advocated by either the candidates or their parties, more's the pity. Both men would concentrate heavily on military strength, with Kennedy complaining bitterly that the Russians are drawing ahead of us and Nixon bitterly denying it. Both are ready to go to the Summit with Krushchev if they see any prospect of success, not visible at the moment. Both are for strengthening ties with our friends and allies,



'I tell ya, this Catholic guy's trying to blow up the Capitol'

for disarmament only after the Russians agree to inspection and control, and for refusing to negotiate on Berlin under the pressure of Soviet threats. And both are committed to programmes of aid to the new countries of Asia and Africa.

While Kennedy is obliged to fight off the superstition that Democratic administrations are prone to war and Nixon's charge that he is personally a 'recklessly dangerous' man, his record promises more in the way of an enlightened approach than his opponent's. Where Nixon wanted American troops dispatched to Indo-China, Kennedy was for guaranteeing swift independence to Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, not to mention his sharp criticism of French policy in Algeria. And he repeatedly condemned the Republican foreign aid programmes as flimsy, grudging, and dictated by narrow self-interest. Neither candidate has made the point that membership in the United Nations is not supposed to be a reward for good conduct, that if the UN is to be a substitute for war, there is good reason to include all potential enemies, and that if there is ever to be a general disarming, it would be senseless to leave the Chinese out of the party on the theory that they are too unpleasant to be allowed to disarm in such refined company.

Allowing a stand-off on foreign policy, so far as popular appeal is concerned, and major advantages to Kennedy in domestic policy, personal magnetism and the simple fact that the country has a basic Democratic majority, it is hard to see how the Senator from Massachusetts can lose the election. Hard, but not impossible. While the polls tend increasingly to favour him, the percentage of 'undecided' responses has been notably high. A plausible explanation being advanced for this phenomenon is that many who say they are undecided are affected by the hidden issue of Kennedy's religion and are ashamed to admit it to a poll-taker. If so, it might well be assumed that a large majority of them will wind up in the Nixon column, with considerable effect on the results. Recalling the folly of 1948, when it was assumed that the 'undecided' would divide about the same as the rest of the electorate, Dr Gallup now says cautiously: 'No one could, on any scientific basis, make a prediction on the basis of present figures.'

As one who can pit against the professionals only instinct and a most informal polling of taxi-drivers, airline hotesses, and fellow reporters, this verdict should be good enough to keep me 'undecided' about everything except my own vote. But rashness compels the guess that, in spite of sermons on Reformation Sunday and in spite of the Bishops of Puerto Rico, Kennedy will win by a narrow popular vote and a misleadingly healthy majority in the presidential electoral college.

Lady Chatterley's Triumph

C. H. ROLPH

Number One Court at the Old Bailey perfectly fulfilled what must have been its designer's dearest wish, i.e. that the business of the court should not be overheard. The huge dock in the centre, so carefully sited as an obstacle to vision and hearing, proclaimed its anachronistic uselessness by the fact that it was empty. Sir Allen Lane sat with his solicitors at their table: he was not a defendant – the charge was against Penguin Books Ltd. A lonely officer from Brixton Prison sat in the dock with not even a symbolic stuffed Penguin to guard. (Mr Gerald Gardiner QC remarked – and the Director of Public Prosecutions was cross about it – that whatever the motive of the Crown in not summoning individual directors of Penguin Books, the fact remained that an empty dock *might* make it easier for a jury to return a verdict of guilty.)

The canopy over the witness box, reputed to have been meant as a sounding board before the adjustable microphone usurped its function, hid in deep shadow the faces of more distinguished writers, moralists, theologians, and Eng. Lits. than any jury in this country has ever seen in one week. And as for sounding boards, the jury itself, the first control group ever to be subjected under scrutiny to the four-letter words, showed how quickly familiarity can breed content.

Lawrence's wish, said Mr Stephen Potter in the witness box, was to take those words from the context of the lavatory wall and give them back dignity and meaning, away from the context of obscenity and swear-words. And for the court officials, for the policemen on duty, for some of the newspaper men, and (I should guess) for about seven-twelfths of the jury though not at all for Mr Griffith-Jones, this is what the trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was doing.

'There is a great gulf between this book and similar literature,' said Miss Janet Adam Smith in her evidence, 'because of the sensitiveness and humanity with which Lawrence explores the situation.' The odd state of the law, which the Obscene Publications Act of 1959 has not changed, permits a witness to say that this gulf exists, but not that any particular book from the other side of the gulf would prove its existence; though they do, in fact, slip in a title every now and again while the judge is writing something. Even wider is the gulf that separates really literary persons, as represented by Mr Gardiner's 35 witnesses, from the mass of plain men and women.

The post-war novel on the man-woman relationship is said to have nourished the realisation, to which Canon Milford referred, that its readers 'are being invited to identify themselves with it, and not to be a third in the party – the scenes would be offensive if there had been an observer'. So the plain men and women can now take, and have for some time been allowed to take, the frankest of love scenes; but the prosecution in the Lady Chatterley case felt that they must not be allowed to take, in paper and print, the four-letter words in which those scenes may nevertheless be described through the corners of their mouths.

'If this book is acquitted,' I was told by a police officer who had certainly heard most of the evidence about Lawrence's literary stature and moral purpose, 'there'll be a real flood of this stuff. What are we to do then? Where are we to draw the line?' He meant that the good old test of the four-letter words, the last line of defence, would have gone. He had not then heard Mr Gerald Gardiner say that 'if the use of the four-letter words in this particular book is legitimate, it does not follow that they can be used by any scribbler writing any kind of novel.'

The failure of the 1954 prosecutions had established that you could put frank sexuality into a novel without (unless you pleaded guilty) going to prison. The policeman wondered whether it was now to be said that you could describe it in the part of the English language that is confined to the streets (or, as they used to say, the gutter). In a trial which must hold the record for the amount of time spent in reading aloud (while, now and then, one or two jurors drowsed), the most telling quotation concerned the gamekeeper's views on 'the one insane taboo left', and it was used in the witness box by Mr Raymond Williams:

> It's the one thing they won't let you be, straight and open in your sex. You can be as dirty as you like. In fact the more dirt you do on sex the better they like it. But if you believe in your own sex, and won't have it done dirt to, they'll down you. It's the one insane taboo left – sex as a natural and vital thing.

If ever 'dirt was done' in that sense, it happened at this extraordinary and expensively unnecessary trial. It wasn't the reiteration of the staccato monosyllables for which, we are told, we have to thank or blame our Anglo-Saxon forebears: this had the distinctly perceptible effect of making them sound less cloacal, as biological verbs and nouns, and accordingly less useful for the future as pejoratives and outlets of release. It was the reading aloud, in such circumstances, of some of the tenderest passages in modern English literature (with the occasional insertion of a 'members of the jury') – it was this that did the dirt.

For those who were there, I should suppose that the highlights of the trial were Mr Richard Hoggart's passionate defence, speaking himself as a son of the working classes, of Lawrence as the one writer whose work might one day bridge the gulf between the cultural extremes in this country, and Mr E. M. Forster's 'I knew Lawrence well in his day – he was the greatest imaginative novelist of his own generation'. But that evening I asked 12 ordinary people who E. M. Forster was; and only one of them, an old lady, had ever heard of him. This is the problem. This and the judge's inevitable (and, of course, proper) advice to the jury that 'our criminal law is based upon the view that a jury takes note of the facts, and not upon the view that the experts might have'.

The promoters of the Obscene Publications Bill, which became law, after a five-year campaign, in 1959, had the greatest difficulty in achieving the admissibility of expert evidence, and once or twice nearly gave it up: the government lawyers were uncompromisingly against it. You could not, they say, require a judge to listen to evidence about anything but facts – it must always be a matter for his discretion to admit or exclude evidence of opinion. The reformers pressed on, holding firmly that Parliament could, if it saw fit, require the judge to listen to Kipling's *If*.

The acquittal of *Lady Chatterley* shows what the admission of expert literary evidence would have done for some of the pilloried masterpieces of the past. It begins a long process which you might call the education of qualified jurors. Of these, there are about nine millions; and for a week they have been taking, through their daily papers, what amounts to the most expensively-mounted and high-powered course on D. H. Lawrence that money has ever been unable to buy. They probably thought it was going to be a trial about 'degrees of dirt'. The defence triumphantly proved that an author with a conscience can deal with sex honestly and seriously – and still be published.

Prague Diary

CRITIC

A few days ago before revisiting Prague after an interval of 12 years, I sat on a brains trust with a Conservative MP and an able Liberal journalist. In reply to a question about western policy towards China, I said that people are less likely to be rigid Leninists if they have a lot to lose, and that if only for that reason we should do all we could to increase Chinese prosperity. Rather to my surprise, both my colleagues supported this anti-cold-war view. I thought of this in Prague, which (Albania apart) is reputedly the most Stalinist of European Communist capitals. No one thinks that Communist states will revert to capitalism, even if that were desirable. But the western visitor must in honesty point out that better relations do not depend on formal phrases but on the liberalisation of the regime. The moment is propitious since the Czechs want more trade and better 'cultural communications' with the West. They may possibly be persuaded to relax censorship and let internal and external flowers bloom even if they think some of them smell like noxious weeds. Czechoslovakia is not as relaxed as Poland or the USSR, but as one close observer remarked 'by their own roundabout good-soldier Schweik route the Czechs are now just about catching up with the Twentieth Congress and the post-Stalin thaw'.

★ ★ ★

Once you have made it clear that you accept the Socialist basis of society but hope to modify the rigours of Communism, you can have rewarding conversations with almost everyone. You can share their anger with Macmillan's complacency about German rearmament and Adenauer's encouragement of irredentism. After that you can raise the issue of freedom with old-guard functionaries and you may find a member of the younger generation of Communists who will frankly say that it would inconvenience the regime if English papers other than the *Daily Worker* could be bought in the streets of Prague, if unreliable Czechs went abroad and Czech newspapers carried other than orthodox views. You can then explain your view that a degree of relaxation and an increase of criticism would make for efficiency, and suggest that many of the regulations which might have been necessary in the revolutionary period are probably maintained simply because bureaucracy never changes until it is kicked. I came away unsure that I had made any progress in such arguments, but unless there is an increase in the German tension which pushes every Czech into solidarity with the Soviet Union, the desire for trade with the West and the growth of security and prosperity must, I think, lead to the type of relaxation which enables people in Poland to talk freely and even to come to the West to explain their country's point of view.

★ ★ ★

Queues are a familiar part of the Communist scene. Too often they are assumed to be a sign of shortage. Rather they are proof that Communism, having abandoned the free play of the market, has not yet solved the problem of distribution. One Prague resident, for instance, told me that he was specially fond of figs. When the season comes, they are plentiful, but in a part of Prague at a long distance from his home. A friend rings him up to let him know when the figs have appeared on the market, so that he can hurry along to queue up for his favourite fruit. Again, there are irregular surpluses and shortages; lemons are seldom imported, but there is likely to be a glut of grapes and vegetables from Bulgaria because Sofia buys Bohemian machinery. My tentative inquiries led me to conclude that the general standard of living is pretty good – as it has always been in Czechoslovakia. Skilled workers do as well, and probably better than in the Thirties. The mass of workers do much better, partly because every adult member of the family is at work. The real sufferers are the intelligentsia whose standards have catastrophically declined.

★ ★ ★

Only an agricultural expert who could communicate with the peasants in their own language and was free to tour the countryside could provide any clear picture of the success of collective farming. The Czechs have not made the blunder of treating their own highly independent and skilled peasants as Stalin did the kulaks, nor have they sought a violent leap forward like the Chinese. They have been persuading the peasants to accept cooperative agriculture for the last twelve years, and boast today that 86 per cent of them are in collectives. They tell you about particular farmers or areas where a few stubborn individualists hold out and add that they too will soon realise the advantages of joining. I heard stories of troubles, particularly in hilly districts which are unsuitable for large-scale agriculture; I heard of others where inefficient leaders, chosen for ideological orthodoxy rather than expert knowledge, infuriated the experienced peasants by their blunders. In other places where large tracts can be more efficiently cultivated with machines, the real benefits of cooperation have become obvious. The Czechs tell me they have a system by which, apart from private gardens which the peasants retain round their cottages, each family has for itself a section of the fields that are worked communally. Of course the collective I visited was selected because it was successful. But it was not a show place and no one reeled off unconvincing statistics. It seemed an agreeable, normal farm, where the sugarbeet harvest, retarded by rain, was being torn from the muddy fields by machines and then trimmed by teams of women and taken away by lorry to a factory only a few miles off. I am prepared to believe it when I am told that, by and large, the younger generation approves of the new system. But what we need is an independent expert's report on the varied successes and failures of cooperative, collective and state farming throughout the Communist world.

★ ★ ★

It seems odd to me that the Communists should not yet have learnt the strength of national feeling. Surely 1956 should have taught them. But if they had learnt, would they pull down the memorials to President Masaryk in Czech villages? Even if Masaryk had not been proletarian by birth, I would have thought they would have hesitated to trample on national feeling by destroying the monuments to the indubitably great man without whom Czechoslovakia would not have come into existence after the first world war. Another piece of insensitivity, I think, wounds almost all Czechoslovaks, including most Communists. The vast Stalin monument on the most conspicuous pinnacle of the hill that overlooks Prague is really an outrage. The view of the hill with its jumble of the old baroque buildings that lead up to the castle from the river makes one of the finest backgrounds to any city in Europe. Planted in the middle stands a vast statue of Stalin with a group of less known luminaries lined up behind him. It is difficult to avoid seeing it. Enthusiasts for Stalin privately admit that it is an artistic outrage. Some call it 'the potato queue'. It is so huge and so massively reinforced with concrete that I fear it will not topple over the cliff into the river.

★ ★ ★

I suppose Prague's novel form of entertainment which mixes film and live acting is called 'Magic Lantern' by way of irony. It is the smoothest of shows; no lamps fuse, no one taps on the ground with a stick, no slides appear in the wrong order or upside down. It is a brilliant original invention. The Czechs are now the best people in Europe at arranging museums and exhibitions – John Berger and Sir Mortimer Wheeler could both find much to satisfy them in Prague museums and galleries – and this 'Magic Lantern' was the most popular part of their prize pavilion in the Brussels Exhibition. I was lucky enough to see it as it was shown in Brussels. For the last year, experiments with a new version of the introductory part have been in preparation for its coming London tour. I cannot describe this show. It is witty, spirited, unexpected and always entertaining. It is technically immensely complex; I have heard it suggested that it may be even further complicated by the introduction of an element of TV. Many people will imitate 'Magic Lantern'; it has still to be proved whether 'Magic Lantern' is just a single ingenious success or whether it is a new form of entertainment that others can develop.

★ ★ ★

Two oddments appeal to me. The Czechs have a great musical tradition and are particularly proud that Mozart composed *Don Giovanni* in Prague. One day the name of the street called after Mozart was changed; a child asked 'Oh Mummy, who did Mozart spy for?' Another item. On the BEA plane, flying direct to Prague, I found that a young English steward who served me with drinks did not know that Czechoslovakia was a Communist country. He looked slightly alarmed when told he was going behind 'the iron curtain'.

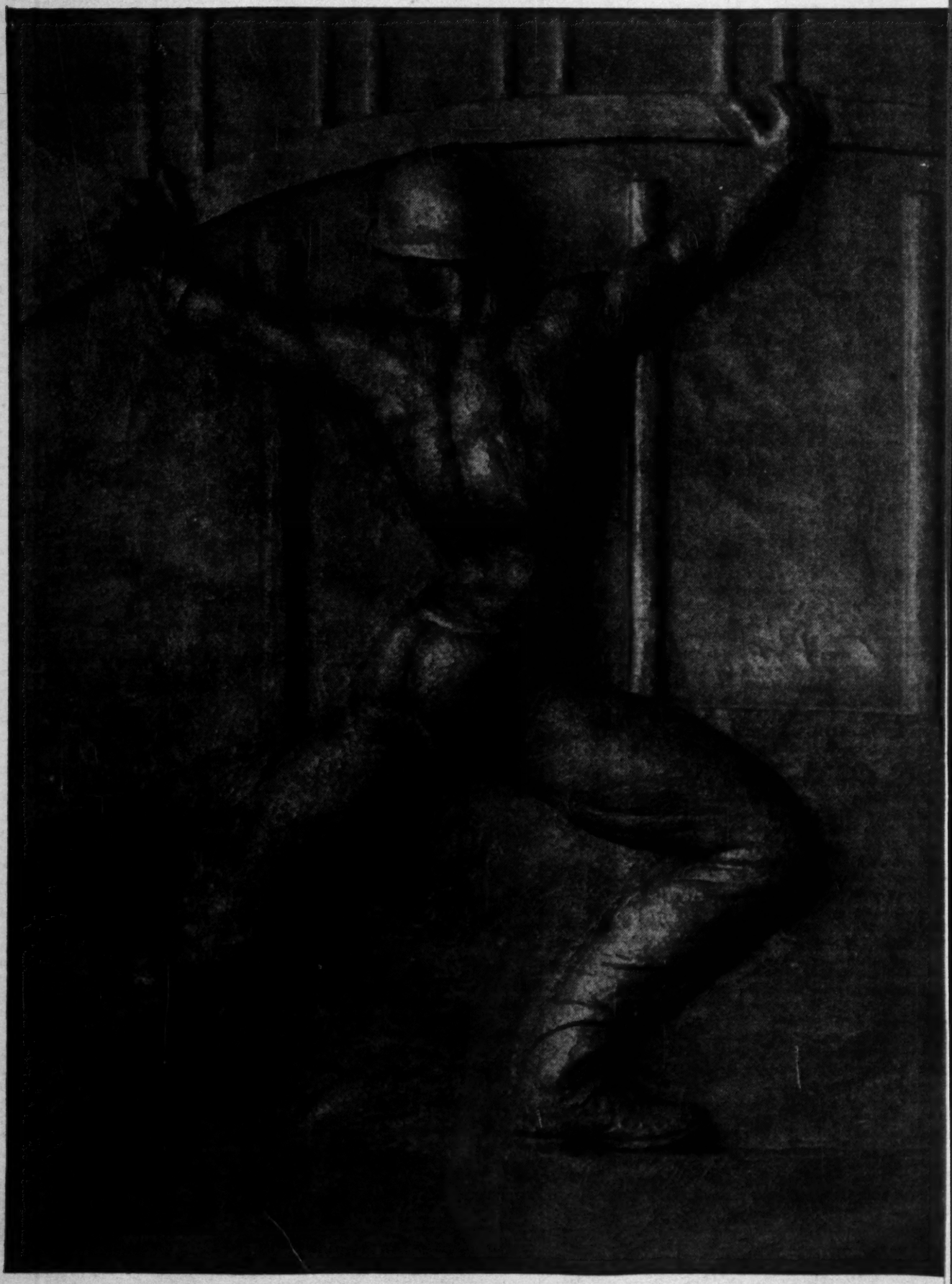
★ ★ ★

Returning to London, I notice that a successful libel action has been taken against the

1957 1960

This England

Have you got your copies yet of the entirely new edition with 80 drawings by VICKY? 80 pages for only 2s. 6d. From booksellers and newsagents, or 2s. 11d. post paid from the NEW STATESMAN, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. An ideal Christmas card!



This plaque...

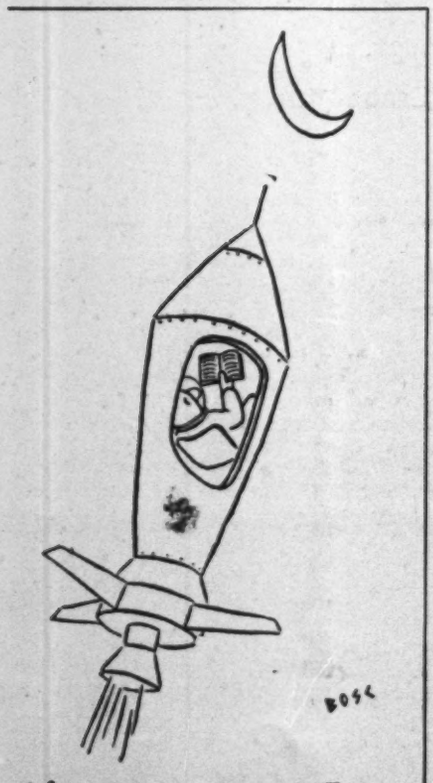
...expressing in human terms the power and movement which is latent in oil, was unveiled at the opening last Thursday of the new Esso refinery on Milford Haven. It is a tribute to the men who have built the refinery and to those who will operate it. Eleven years ago we began building the first Esso refinery, at Fawley. It is the largest refinery in Britain; now on Milford Haven there is the newest. Together, these two refineries can produce a volume of products equivalent to Britain's entire oil consumption eleven years ago.

Esso

ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED · 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE · LONDON SW1

Founded in 1888

Daily Sketch by Christopher Craig, the boy who shot the policeman in the Craig-and-Bentley case nine years ago. The *Sketch* had devoted a full page with banner headlines to a totally false story that Craig had committed a further crime while working outside the prison, and that the date of his release had been postponed as a punishment. Where they got this false story from I don't know, but it was the occasion of a fresh blaze of publicity for the unfortunate Craig family, other papers muscling in and getting 'doorstep interviews', publishing the names and addresses of other members of the family, jeopardising the happiness of children at school, and forcing the Craig parents to shut themselves off from the world for weeks. The *Sketch* eventually apologised, more or less adequately, agreed to pay a sum of money to a charity nominated by Craig, and reported (as it was bound to do) the statement made in Court before Mr Justice Gorman. *The Times* gave it a short Law Report. I could find no other references in the newspapers, though the Press Association supplied them with the facts and the case was prominently announced in the day's Cause List. Surely a miserable example of press silence. A convicted man in prison, especially one who has re-established his character as Craig is known to have done, is entitled to the same fair treatment as a free man, a point that will become more important now that we imprison most of our murderers instead of hanging them. This, too, lends great weight to the plea by the 31 distinguished signatories to the letter in *The Times* on Tuesday that Francis Forsyth, who is only eighteen, should not be hanged for the 'Hounslow footpath murder'. You and I may be past salvation, but no boy of 18 can be irredeemable.



Better Books
booksellers
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This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Defending a dog owner at Scunthorpe Magistrates' Court yesterday, Mr H. M. Winocour said that a policeman the dog bit was not in uniform, 'so the dog did not know he was a policeman. It would not have bitten him if it had known.' – *Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph.* (H. B. Garton.)

I collect toilet paper, and it's amazing how many makes and varieties there are. The holiday souvenirs that my friends bring me back are sheets of toilet paper bearing the names of the places they have visited. I now have quite a collection of sheets of every colour, size and texture from all over the country and from abroad. The most entertaining part is watching the faces of visitors seeing my 'collection' for the first time! – Letter in *She.* (H. W. Haycock.)

Scouts' knees come in so many fascinating shapes and sizes that our happiest pastime is comparing the various knees as they march down the street. – Letter in *Evening Standard.* (E. Sharpe.)

The Audience Research Department, said the BBC spokesman, was concerned with viewers in general, not with men and women separately. He had received calls from women viewers who objected strongly to a woman newsreader. The only reason they gave was that 'they didn't believe it when a woman said it.' – *Daily Herald.* (Mrs. D. Kirlew.)

The Urban Council at Market Harborough, Leicestershire, is to spend £4 on an umbrella to keep clergymen dry at funerals. – *Daily Herald.* (R. W. Barnes.)

Situation Desperate

PETER PROBYN FRANCK

In the Appointments Vacant column of this journal on 24 September, there appeared the following advertisement:

> Wanted Ex-Field Marshal, jungle warfare advantage, to direct honest citizens campaign Notting Hill against crooks, speculators, protection racketeers. Situation desperate.

This advertisement was inserted by the Powis and Colville Residents' Association, a non-political and multi-racial body whose work was noted with approval by Mervyn Jones in an article called 'A Turn for the Better' also published, on 18 June, in the NEW STATESMAN. As a member of this association and a vigorous opponent of all racial discrimination I should like to explain the apparent contradiction between the optimism of that article and the sombre tone of our appeal. The fact is we suffer in Notting Hill from 'bad' blacks, as well as 'bad' whites.

The turn for the better consists in the formation of three separate residents' associations in Notting Hill since the racial clashes of 1958; but the conditions which these associations are fighting are becoming steadily worse. In the Powis and Colville area, there is still only a handful of people willing to give their active support to the association. For the rest, undoubtedly some are holding back through fear; but many more shut their front doors firmly every night; they just don't want to know about the exploitation and human misery occurring outside. At one time such apathy might have been defensible, assuming that it was based on the belief that the anti-social elements were content to fester quietly in basements without impinging on the lives of their innocent neighbours; but it is no longer possible to hold that belief.

Through newsletters and public meetings, the association has amply demonstrated that the activities of the speculators are organised down to the last detail; it has revealed their methods of colonising house after house and eventually street after street; and it has made it plain that ultimately none of the local residents can consider themselves immune to these methods; yet still these silly citizens hug their firesides, and it seems that only personal experience of intimidation can make them act.

Even more disheartening than this widespread and culpable apathy has been the gradual realisation that the association, for all its hard work and idealism, is powerless by itself to effect any abiding improvement in social conditions here. Two incidents show how this has come about.

The first occurred one evening late in June, after a general meeting of our association. A group of us were walking home when we became aware of a colossal din coming from a basement club; it sounded as if a whole funfair was bottled up down there. Somebody ran up to tell us that the loudspeaker and amplifying equipment, which is systematically hustled from basement to basement so that it will never provoke too many protests in any one place, had been driving the neighbours scatty since 8 o'clock. At the same time several taxi-loads of prostitutes drew up in front of the club, while truculent West Indians kept watch on street corners, ready to give the alert if the law showed its face. Every so often there would be sounds of a scuffle from the basement. We were all a little scared. One of our women committee members, however, was brave enough to confront the West Indian who claimed to be the owner; he spat in her face, and reviled her in language which would have made the staunchest champion of the rights of coloured people feel slightly sick. Not long after, in answer to our urgent phone call, several police cars arrived. The police came, and the police saw, but they were unable to make an arrest or even stop the proceedings for lack of powers. They kept watch, certainly, but the neighbours had a sleepless night. The same basement is now a barber's shop during the day, frequented by West Indians who force passers-by to step off the pavement into the gutter, at the same time as they shout obscenities at them with a practised virulence: I know of a young Nigerian woman, a local Health Visitor, who was badly shaken recently by their behaviour.

The second incident occurred only a few weeks ago. I had gathered from doorstep conversation that two decent working-class West Indian families living in the next house were due to be evicted on the coming Friday. They had searched hard for another place, but had so far been unable to find one; one of the mothers was in particular distress because she had a two-month-old baby to care for. Our association sent off a pleading letter on their behalf to the West Indian landlady, who incidentally had no scruples about letting the basement of the same house to a white prostitute. Her reply deserves to be quoted in full:

> Thanks for your letter, but I have regarded you as a very eliterate (sic) and ignorant secretary.

As a next step we called on this landlady, on the night before the eviction was due to take place. Despite her attempts to bawl us out, and the strong-arm men standing behind her,

we managed to make the point that if the tenants stayed in their rooms, she would need a court order to evict them. As we left, she shouted that the prostitute in her basement was one of our sisters; in other words we were all white trash and equally worthless. We then walked towards St Stephens Gardens, to find out whether the more militant residents' association there could offer us any help. On our way, we passed one of the leading West Indian hoodlums of this area, standing outside a pub and ostentatiously swinging a ring of keys to the admiration of a large number of West Indians in the background. It was a blatant example of a man trying to terrorise a whole community. When we had finished our rounds, we said good-night to the one West Indian tenant who had been with us, only a few yards from his home. A minute later we heard screams, and as we ran back we saw the gentleman with the key-ring and seven or eight thugs coming out of the poor man's gate. At once they started to chase us, and we had to run. By the time the police arrived, everything was quiet; they could get no reply from the tenant's house, and nothing more could be done that night. The next day we heard that the man had indeed been assaulted: the landlady had put her hand into his mouth while the others attacked him. He came with us to the police station in the evening, where he was told he would have to go to the magistrates court to take out a summons. We arranged to meet him again the next morning, but he failed to turn up: the same day he moved out of the house, and I have not seen the family since. It is very understandable that he did not want to stick his neck out any further, but the fact remains that he let us down at the vital moment. And this has happened again and again: at the last minute we have found ourselves deserted and powerless to act.

At this point I should make it clear where I stand on the 'colour problem', since some of the remarks I have made might conceivably be taken as evidence that I am 'anti-coloured'. That is emphatically not the case. I detest both the theory and practice of racial discrimination. What I am in favour of, however, is moral discrimination, meaning in this instance that the battle of Notting Hill is being fought not by whites against blacks, but by good West Indians and Europeans, against bad West Indians and Europeans. It is essential to remain objective, and to reject the sentimental view that if the Mosleyites were to be sent packing tomorrow everything in the garden would be lovely, since the immigrants can do no wrong. It is, of course, in the interests of West Indian racketeers to preserve the racial conflict, since this offers them a splendid smokescreen for their activities; while they are tub-thumping about the white villains and the poor down-trodden coloured man, fewer people will notice that these same soap-box saints are callously exploiting their fellow countrymen and ensuring that they remain downtrodden. Those of us who actually live here, though, have noticed how these bad West Indians are becoming more and more provocative. Our chairman, who two years ago would himself not have heard a word of criticism of coloured people, is now deeply worried about this provocation, since clearly it can benefit only Mosley and his mischief-makers: to decent people it is both intolerable and intensely frustrating.

Given the provocation, given the intimidation, and given the apathy, what in the world do we do to prevent another racial clash which could so easily have world repercussions? The answer of some people goes like

THE DINING ROOM

Is your sight good enough to read this notice?
What a blessing sight is to those who possess it.

Are you wondering about the dreadful shed in the picture above? In it food is cooked and served to Blind Boys. A British Farmer would hesitate to use it on his farm. Most would say PULL IT DOWN AT ONCE.

When we were told that it was the Dining Room and Kitchen of the Blind School at Buigiri in Tanganyika we said PULL IT DOWN AT ONCE. To build another suite we sent £400 . . . sent it gladly as we believe all folk are part of one family. The suite will be named after Trevor Huddleston.

Devoted teachers try hard to provide a trade so that the blind boys can go into life and earn good wages instead of living a life of destitution. Without proper shelter and workshops the task is heavy.

To make the place worthy of the family's needs they require £6,400. Two classrooms at £1,300 each. Four dormitories at £700 each. A workshop at £500 and an office also at £500. The buildings will be well built of Concrete Blocks and Tiled Roofs and hold 100 Blind Boys.

Can you pass this plea by with a shrug of the shoulders? We believe not. Our estate in Britain is such that almost all of us can spare a little. Here we care for our blind people in good style. That is as it should be. This is a work well worthy of your support and your gift coming as it does near to Christmas will be an act of real mercy.

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this: 'You're fighting a losing battle, so move out. Haven't you noticed that white people and the best coloured people are moving out in droves already? Let the Negroes take over the whole area and turn it into another Harlem. It's bound to happen in the long run.' They go on to hint darkly that the police intend to treat Notting Hill as a red-light district, and will not be unduly worried so long as the vice is contained in one place. Whatever the truth of that last surmise may be, it surely cannot be either practical or morally sound to acquiesce in the establishment of an all-Negro colony in Notting Hill. It would be impractical because it would mean that, despite the new rents crisis spreading all over London and the greatly increased number of tenants flapping in panic from one newsagent's board to another, part of central London would be virtually sealed off and inaccessible to people of the wrong colour.

As for the moral issue, any concurrence in an all-coloured Notting Hill seems to me fundamentally irresponsible. The *laissez-faire* attitude, that might be upheld by some as tolerant non-interference, would seem to me to smack more of a cold, uncharitable indifference to West Indians and their problems, which to a large extent would be the problems of Londoners and thus the same problems being faced by all other Londoners. Such an attitude fails to take into account the suspicion, the fear and the resentment that would take root along the boundaries of a Negro colony; still less does it take into account the strong probability that a coloured Notting Hill would not be a place of sweetness and light for the newly-arrived strangers from the Caribbean, but rather a place run by the corrupt as a reception-centre for the innocent. The counsel for an all-coloured Notting Hill is a counsel of despair, a bleak recognition of the impossibility of a virile multi-racial community. In defiance of such counsel, it is our duty to declare, passionately and unequivocally, that trust, sympathy and co-operation between races is right now and always will be right.

There remains, however, the present reality, which is the presence in Notting Hill today of a body of vicious and anti-social West Indians substantial enough to have a disabling influence on the efforts of white and coloured people to work together. Many local residents feel that there will only be a permanent improvement in social conditions here when the LCC or Borough Council compulsorily purchases certain houses, and if necessary a whole street. Such a measure, it is felt, would not only curb the speculators, but would restore some stability to an area where one of the most familiar sounds is the rumble of the removal vans. It would assist in introducing into the area West Indian families who intended to settle there, instead of wanting to move at the first opportunity to Brixton or Earl's Court; and it would cut down on the overcrowding which causes disease, misery, and a smile on the face of the landlord. Meanwhile, we still have tenants being assaulted, we still have the protection racket, and we still have an unwholesome climate of fear. For all the publicity that Notting Hill has received, for all the letters that have been written and the deputations that have been despatched, we have only scratched the surface of official complacency. People here have been asking, for a long time now and with increasing misgivings: 'Has the government any detailed, constructive plans for Notting Hill, and if so, when will they be put into effect?' How much longer must it be before they are given the privilege of an answer?

The Sales

NAOMI MITCHISON

This is the time of the year when all farmers are thinking about the Sales. According to how things have gone, we will or won't be able to go on with our farming plans. But it's more than that. We have to measure our efforts against something, and unhappily money is the only standard that seems to count. So the sales are either encouraging or disheartening. I'm feeling a bit disheartened myself and I'm not the only one.

It was the Tarbert Sale a couple of weeks back. I sent in two Galloway bullocks and a cross heifer. Most of my bullocks had gone to the June sale, but these weren't up to it. Yet somehow a summer of good grazing hadn't done that much for them. I haven't the buildings or the skill for finishing them off: fattening cattle is a specialist's job. Still, if these are properly handled, they should fatten for Christmas and make a tidy profit for someone and meanwhile I've had the subsidy.

By the time I got to Tarbert with my Danish friends, one of them a farmer, the sale had been on for a while, but it was dragging. A good sale goes quickly, with sharp bidding; here the auctioneers had to coax the bids out, even with the lovely Ayrshire heifers: 'Ay, there's a milky-looking lass! There's a sweet heifer, a real swell!' Or again, to jolly them on: 'Extra teat, ay; but we'll no charge you anything extra!' The Tarbert ring is cosy and smoky, and occasionally a bidder comes back from the bar tent and bids in an apparent dream, but alas, still cannily. Inside the ring the habitués sit round on a bench, risking an occasional kick for the sake of a better view.

Most are in the profession, buyers or sellers, muddy-booted. My Danish friend thought they were better-looking than the average rather pudding-faced Danish farmer, and certainly there was a fine Highland cragginess about some of them. On Danish standards the Ayrshire prices were high but the beef prices low. Myself, I thought they were all low, and so did most of my fellow sellers. Why? There's plenty of hay this year and splendid turnips if my own are any guide. Perhaps there have been too many calves kept for the demand; does that mean a mistaken calf-subsidy policy? It's funny, the way low beef prices don't seem to get down to the housewife!

I had half a mind to take my stirks back, but that would have meant hiring the lorry again. One or two people who had their own farm lorries did take their beasts back. But even if I had, did I really have the winter keep and housing for them? My old sheds are beginning to go. They have stuck together so far with new coats of paint, but the woodwork has got to the stage where a determined young stirk might bring the whole thing down on his head.

Lachlan and I had hopes of getting up to £40, at least, with the Galloway stirks; but as soon as we began to see the run of the prices, hopes faded. I decided to make my limit £25 – and I just got past it. Perhaps if I'd had the courage to say no when I was in the ring, I might have gone a few pounds better, but by the time I was there I was feeling dead scared. I couldn't even see where the bids were coming from and goodness knows how the auctioneer did, since the bidding was done almost imperceptibly by the raising of an eyebrow or a single finger.

The hard quick patter of the auctioneer – how can they keep it up? – was sometimes almost drowned in the lowing or bellowing of frightened beasts. I think for some people half the point of an auction is in the sense of vicarious power over living, suffering flesh, the whack of the stick, the shouting and struggling. Was a slave market like this? Did the suffering flesh yell to its gods and mothers in Parthian, Thracian, Gallic, British – or more lately in Ewe and Fanti and Congolese? And did the bystanders equally flock to look on and laugh and enjoy themselves?

The Oban Sale had a different atmosphere altogether. There was much less protest from the cows and heifers; these pedigree beauties are comparatively speaking the ladies of the harem. Both my cousins were, as usual, prize-winners, one with a Highlander, a corn-coloured cutie with a long silken fringe over her eyes and under the sweeping horns – which are obviously for decoration, not for malice. The other had a superb curly Galloway.

But here again prices were disappointing. I think Ted had hoped for £200 or £300 for his champion Galloway, but the bidding was sticky. To get it going again at £150 I put in a couple of bids, and it went up nicely for a bit, then stuck again. All his Ichrachan heifers were beauties and fetched reasonable prices, but nothing outstanding. It was a buyers' Market. Lachlan and I had gone round looking at beasts before the sale began. We both

New Statesman Logogram – 3

'Last week-end, I was staying at a small hotel in the country,' said the Professor, 'and a rather curious incident occurred.

'The hotel had three double rooms. No. 1 had been reserved for two gentlemen, both of the name Smith. No. 2 had been reserved for a Mr and Mrs Smith, and No. 3 for two married ladies also of the name Smith. All of them arrived late at night and unfortunately the night porter, who was a very stupid fellow, put each of the couples in the wrong room.

'In the morning this created something of a difficulty for the floor waiter, for they had ordered breakfast the night before and had each ordered something different. The Manager, not wishing to reveal the inefficiency of his staff by disclosing that a mistake had been made, suggested that the best way out of the difficulty would be for the waiter to ring through to each room in turn on the pretext of asking if they would like a morning paper brought up with their breakfast. By noting whether a man or a woman answered the phone in each case, he could deduce which room each of the couples was in.

'But the Assistant Manager pointed out that it wasn't necessary to trouble all of them. They could solve the problem by ringing only two of the rooms.

'The Head Waiter, however, said he thought even that was unnecessary and that they only need ring one room.

'Can you tell me which of the three, if any, was right?'

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

The results derived from any enquiry by 'sampling' are valid only if the 'sample' represents a true cross-section of the population under investigation. The two figures of 42 and 42½ per cent quoted by the Tory paper were based on 3,000 men and 2,000 women in the first case, and on 2,000 men and 3,000 women in the second case. Neither, therefore, is representative of the total electorate.

The next move...?

The undergraduate has burned midnight oil: he has engaged in vacation exercise: he has taken his degree. And then? Few engineers feel that a first degree is enough. What should the next move be? An immediate job? Or a graduate apprenticeship? The second brings professional competence, and a status accepted by the Institution of Mechanical Engineers.

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felt we wanted new blood in the herd. The Arduaine beasts were fine, but I was sure they would be above my price, though I did bid one of them up. In the outcome some of them were withdrawn as they didn't make enough; in fact quite a number of owners withdrew. I wan't impressed by the pedigrees of other beasts. Also I wanted particularly to get a heifer or cow from rough land which would stand up to our gales off the sea. Then I found a herd from Ross-shire being sold off. They were young cows, all in calf to a Lochur bull from the Westminster herd. I fancied two of them, big strong beasts with good coats. They were coming up late in the sale.

There is something very special about the Oban ring. It is partly that one always gets a smell of peat there, in spite of all the electric stoves and fires; and there is always a good deal of conversation among the farmers in Gaelic, a great language for not being understood by others. But there is also a modishness about the pedigree men and women; kilts, cromags and hand-woven tweeds are not out of order. And the place is packed. Many of the sightseers are knowledgeable, indeed a good many are up for other sales. A few are tourists. One has to squeeze one's way in; and, once in, the excitement grows. I had a feeling that my Danes were going to end up by bidding themselves!

Most of the heifers waited fairly patiently in the pens, advancing through one gate to another till they came to the last one just behind the ring. One stands there waiting for the gate to open and listening to the bidding and the reassuring friendliness of the auctioneer, who kindly said about my beasts: 'straight off the hill, as they should be', and seemed to put a tone of admiration into his voice – perhaps all owners feel this. At least I could see more or less where the bids were coming from. These of mine were bulling heifers ready for next year off an Ichrachan bull. I thought my first one went cheap, especially as I'd liked the look of her myself. The second went better, to £45, having started at £30. The third, whose agile hoof I had just avoided by jumping, went to £64. I have a feeling that she pleased people by trotting round the ring in an interested way and blowing in their faces. She had good big bones too.

Then came the turn of the Ross-shire farm. The first two or three went reasonably enough, though I think the seller was not too pleased. Lachlan and I found ourselves at opposite sides of the ring; I signalled urgently to him and he managed to wriggle round to confer with me. The two I fancied were better beasts and I thought – correctly – that they would go up towards the eighties. I wasn't going to bid that high after the prices I'd got myself. One had bad hoofs and I turned her down; she couldn't last. Then came one which I hadn't particularly noticed in the pen, but we both liked her; she looked tough and big-boned, fairly low-slung on sturdy legs. In the fifties I joined in the bidding and got her at £65. If only she gets me a heifer calf with the Lochur bull!

Or shall I have one more try at bringing up a bull calf? Of course one is nowhere in the pedigree world without bulls, but have we got the know-how? Or the buildings? I shall have to see about the buildings at once!

No Feelthy Postcards

MICHAEL CARTER

(It is exactly four years since the Suez War)

We were crossing Liberation Square in the long shadow of the Nile Hilton when the trio intercepted us and began snapping at our heels, like puppies. 'I thought you said Nasser had stopped all this,' Alun reproached me.

'I said he'd stopped begging. Even United Arabs have their shoes shone.'

Alun rounded on the scampering boys. 'Look!' he commanded. 'They're not even dusty. Come back tomorrow.' But the Pied Piper convoy persisted. 'As for begging,' said Alun tartly, refusing to look down, 'what about the policeman with ten children?'

'I still say you must have misunderstood him. I haven't heard *baksheesh* since we've been here.'

Alun detached a small brown hand from his sleeve. *'Imshi,'* he snarled, and then stopped. A group of white-shirted students were running towards us across the parched grass.

'Now look what you've started,' I said. 'I told you *imshi* went out with Farouk.' I straightened the little Nasser button on my lapel. A teen-age girl who smelt of jasmine had pinned it there in exchange for a donation to the blind. Alun had also parted with piastres, but had deposed Nasser at the first corner.

The students ignored us for the moment. They cuffed the shoeshine boys and drove them off, like stern elder brothers. Then they surrounded us in a warm, heavy-breathing mass of goodwill.

'Deutsch?' asked their spokesman, slapping the dust from his turn-ups.

'No, *Ingliz*,' I said, and acknowledged the familiar flicker of surprise. One is more likely to be Swedish, or Czechoslovak, than English in Cairo just now.

'English very welcome,' said the student immediately. 'All countries now very welcome.'

'As equals,' a friend reminded him.

'Of course,' I agreed, not looking at Alun.

A finger flashed out to my lapel. 'You like Nasser?'

'He has a very strong voice,' I said safely. 'And when you get the High Dam – '

'Yes!' they said, eyes bright.

'Positive neutralism,' chimed the second-in-command. 'Nasser at UN.'

There was a pause of satisfaction. 'Well,' I said heartily, *'ma el salama!'*

'Ma el salama!'

'Positive neutralism,' muttered Alun, as we headed for 26 July Street.

Cairo can be a trying city for friends who quarrelled over Suez. For one, the very affluence of the place is an affront. The other must supplant the outraged conscience of 1956 by a positive neutralism of his own. Otherwise, the visit can deteriorate swiftly into an edgy scoring of points.

I would say: 'The feelthy postcards seem to have gone.' And Alun would point out *Peking Review* and *Korea Today* on the news stands and wonder aloud if the Chinese Military Mission was still in town.

I cowed him for a time with quotations from a teach-yourself-Arabic book bought in Suliman Pasha Street. It was 'officially approved by the late General Sir John Maxwell, KCB, CVO, CMG, DSO, formerly General Officer Commanding BTE' and had been heavily reprinted in 1940 and 1941.

I offered a succession of 'Phrases in Common Use': *Get out. At once. You are good. You are bad. You are a liar. What have you done? Good Heavens!*

'And,' I said, 'if you form a circle with forefinger and thumb and move it to and fro in front of your chest in the direction of the person you are addressing, it means "I threaten and warn you". All good benevolent stuff.'

'There's a belly dancer at the Casino Abdine,' said Alun, 'and we won't talk politics all evening.'

Casino Abdine is a night club in the grounds of the Ministry of Information and National Guidance, but screened by palm trees from that efficient building. We sat at the bar next to a girl whose red hair rose into a mountainous beehive and then cascaded to her waist. Presently she moved aside, to disclose a dainty and diminutive Hungarian in dark glasses. He introduced himself as 'specialist in Middle Eastern cabaret.'

He complained, without rancour, of the new puritanism of the UAR. 'No strip-tease, no G-strings,' he lisped wearily, 'and the Morality Police in and out all the time.' He gestured towards his Austrian girls, now decorating the stage with a Scheherezade tableau. Fringed bikinis and tinselled navels. 'Fit for the family,' he said, 'just to please Nasser. But I have seen it all before in Baghdad and capitals like that. Comes a revolution and sex is undesirable. But things get back to normal.' He offered a cold white hand and slipped away into the shadows.

The belly dancer glistened in the spotlight like an amiable seal. We had been warned that she was 'a little past her best'. We were still not prepared for the matronly bust, the thighs in aspic; nor for the translucent sheath of silver and grey which enclosed her from throat to ankles. 'You should have seen her Farouk-time,' whispered a waiter. 'Dress quite different.'

Twentieth Century Nov. 1960

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As her dance progressed into the second half-hour it became clear that her performance was strictly for home consumption. Without the bawdy fever of a licentious British soldiery, her quivers were as formal and distant as folk-art at a British Council concert. Even towards the close, when she hoisted herself on to a table in a brave pretence at abandon, the appeal was no more than sporting.

Alun was frankly disappointed. His brother had spoken of Alexandrian antics involving randy donkeys and ten-piastre pieces. This had just been nothing like.

I left him to pay the taxi driver at the hotel door. He followed me up a little later, quietly triumphant. 'He offered me his sister,' he said.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

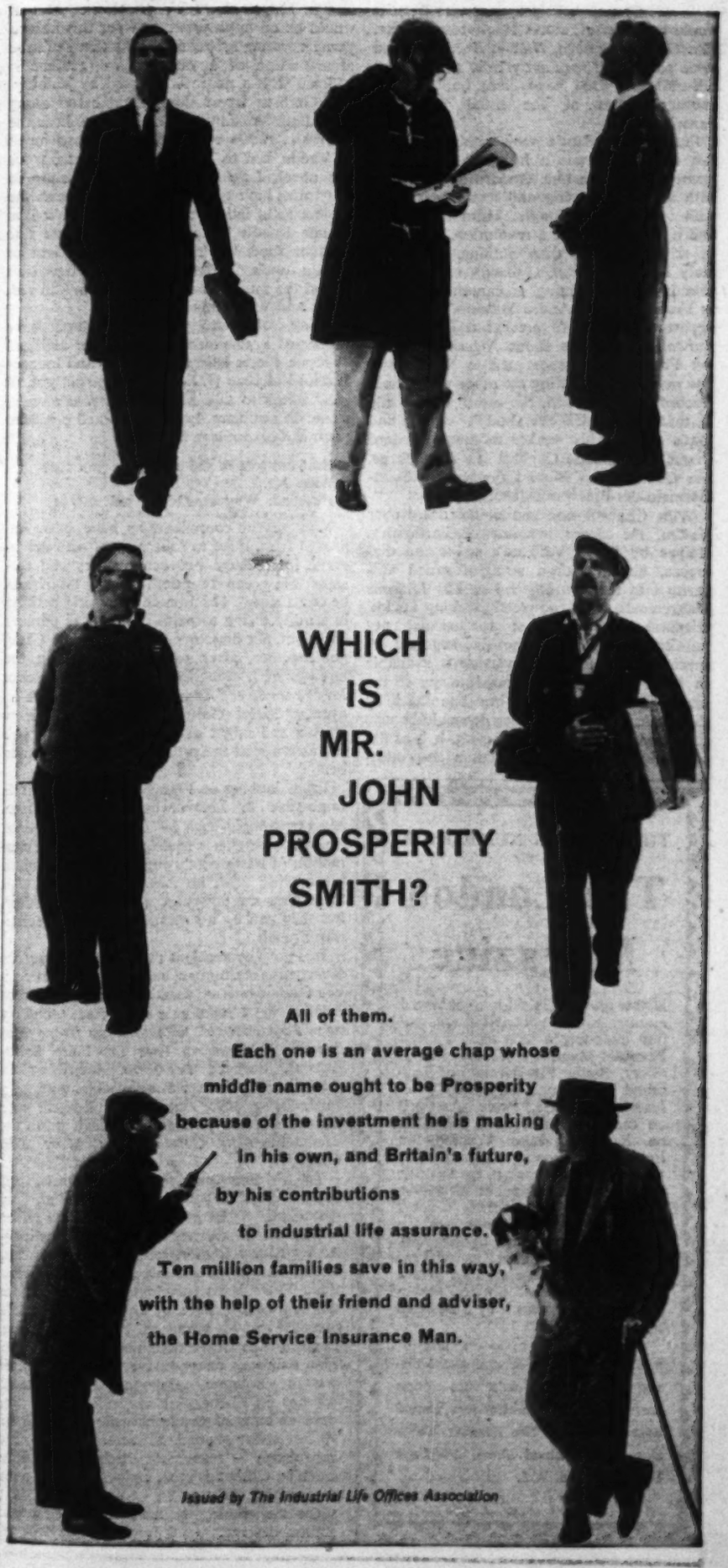
Letter from Paris

OLIVIER TODD

In the late Forties Alexandre Astruc coined the lovely and unfortunate phrase still used as the motto of the *nouvelle vague, la caméra-stylo* : the film-camera was to move as freely as the writer's pen, whatever that meant. Astruc was a genius: *Les Mauvaises Rencontres* contained all the coming Saint-Tropez, Saint-Moritz, white-telephone and I'm - so - intelligent - and - so - bored - with - Existence themes. The yellow press conducted a long and favourable campaign. *Les Cahiers du Cinéma* were the high-brow fortress. Metaphysics, ontology, temporality, oneirocritics were required to justify one's emotions when confronted with Brigitte Bardot. When a new group of ill-assorted directors had to be given god-fathers, Welles, Cocteau, Bunuel, Visconti were summoned at random. Films were going to be daring, profound, anti-bourgeois, realistic, poetical, technically very fast or very slow (*Ah! ces travellings*). Most of the finished products turned out to be formidably pretentious and wildly commercial in the worst sense.

Now one can do some sorting out. Three excellent actors have emerged and sent members of the older generation to sweater-advertising in women's weeklies: Jean-Paul Belmondo whose weird charm is helping him to become a kind of French James Dean; Jeanne Moreau and Emmanuelle Riva who have the interesting tortured faces we were so short of. We've got rid of the Martine Carol plumpness which anyway couldn't compete with the American brands.

Three outstanding directors at least have compelled recognition from the public and the producing sharks who were alarmed at seeing young men making films cheaply or with Papa's money. During dinner parties people still argue fiercely about Alain Resnais and *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, certainly the most original, ambitious and irritating work of the last two years. Marguerite Duras had written the dialogue. With *Moderato Cantabile*, directed by Peter Brook, she has again prescribed to film one of her specialities as a novelist, adultery of the unenjoyed unenjoyable kind. Resnais is now preparing *L'Année Dernière* with Robbe-Grillet, one of the theoreticians of New Realism fiction. Resnais has stated rather cryptically: 'It will be a film in the conditional. On the ambiguities of appearances. I'd like people to look at it the way they look at statues, by turning around it. With pauses for meditation . . . '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Well . . . One can't help feeling that Resnais would be better off alone. His documentaries. *Van Gogh, Guernica, Nuit et Brouillard* and some parts of *Hiroshima* proved that he was self-sufficient. One hopes that he won't be another victim of the usual pontifying terrorism.

François Truffaut's semi-autobiographical *Les 400 Coups* was a brilliant child delinquent story. Jean-Luc Godard provided us with a swift, amusing and anarchistic piece with *A Bout de Souffle*. Humour is rare and if one can't have a revolution, some sort of revolt is better than nothing. Unfortunately *Le Petit Soldat*, Godard's second film, sounds pretty alarming. It cannot be shown in France and M. André Malraux's 'cultural' departments want to prevent it from being shown abroad: it's about Algerians torturing French intelligence men in Switzerland and *occasional* torturing the other way round. According to Godard, the moral of the tale is that in politics everybody's wrong and that's that. In his weaker moments Godard shares with Claude Chabrol (*Le Beau Serge, Les Cousins, Les Bonnes Femmes*) a Saint-Germain-des-Prés poujadism.

With Chabrol one can count out Roger Vadim, the clever inventor of Bardolatry. Helped by Roger Vailland's script and dialogues, he introduced straightforward vulgarity into the *nouvelle vague*. *Les Liaisons Dangereuses 1960*, completely lacking Laclos' crispness, was censored for sexual not political reasons. It cannot be exported. A special English sub-titled version is available in Paris or in big provincial towns if the mayor hasn't been bullied into banning it by the virulent morality leagues. It would be nice to defend *Les Liaisons*. One can't. It is as flat as Vadim's recent Franco-Italian co-production *Et Mourir de Plaisir. Et Mourir d'Ennui* would be an appropriate title for this absurd yarn: a young aristocrat thinks that she's the reincarnation of a vampire; in fact she is afflicted with a neurosis induced by jealousy. The German Expressionists did better along these lines. And they didn't try to sell us the *nouveaux riches* ethics that appeal so much to Vadim and to Vailland, judging from his last novel, *La Fête*. Every antique shop in Italy must have been ransacked to furnish the too-beautiful indoor settings of Vadim's film. Claude Renoir is responsible for some fine outdoor shots but they are not sufficient to sustain one's interest. Of course one isn't spared the imitation surrealist dream – in red, black and white this time.

Many of our young directors have developed a passion for precious or artificial dialogue. Pierre Kast (*Le Bel Age*) and Jacques Doniol-Valcroze (*L'Eau à la Bouche*) got all their actors to talk like *XVI arrondissement* would-be aesthetes. Louis Malle had preceded them in *Les Amants*. Sample:

> Husband (out of the blue): Are you sad?
> Wife: No.
> Husband: Why *aren't* you sad?

Now sexual complications have been improved from three to four players with democratic interchange between masters and servants. How can twentieth-century Marivaux be convincing? The French cinema is basking in senility trying to palm itself off as pioneer eroticism. Six directors, including René Clair, got together, after solemnly consulting the findings of a second-rate survey, to concoct *La Française et l'Amour*, not as good even as average Sacha Guitry. The title will draw crowds and might disappoint them if they're not as crude as the producers assume them to be.

From looking at French films to-day, it is impossible to know what France is like. Marker brought back his *Lettre* from Siberia, Reichenbach his *Amérique Insolite* from months of tramping through the States, Rouch his moving *Moi, un Noir* from Africa. All these films are powerful, particularly the last, but they can by no means be called specifically French.

It is only by accident that one comes across a recognisable human being – for instance a neo-fascist veteran parading up the Champs Elysées in *L'Affaire d'une Nuit* (adultery again, but cheerful, with *tarte au fromage* at five in the morning near the Gare Saint-Lazare). Becker's *Le Trou*, describing an escape from prison, was admirable, without a single false note, but it was limited, and Robert Bresson had already dealt with the subject in *Un Condamné a Mort s'est Echappé*.

To a friend passing through Paris, one could only recommend a Fellini, an Antonioni, a Bergman or *Le Voyage en Ballon*, almost entirely filmed from a helicopter by Albert Lamorisse. Helivision, the last of the 'visions', is not merely a new technical trick. There is no travelogue nonsense about this trip over France of a Jules Vernish old inventor and his grandson. For the first time, Lamorisse has fused documentary and fiction. The delicate, unaggressive views (factories around Béthune, dolmens in Brittany, swamps in Camargue) are relieved by the right amount of gentle clowning. Seen from 40 feet above ground, France is oddly – and improbably – reassuring. Perhaps the films made by old hands seem eminent owing to the surrounding flatness.

On the whole, we have the cinema our politics deserve.

THE AUTUMN NUMBER OF

The London Magazine

is now on sale (3s. 6d.): an enlarged number with a special French section including a long extract from **François Mauriac's** *Mémoires Intérieurs*, **Sonia Pitt-Rivers** on Raymond Queneau, **Philip Thody** on Jean-Paul Sartre, **Peter Quennell** on the Goncourts, **John Bingham** on Simenon, **John Whiting** on French plays, and a story, *The Warm-Hearted Servant*, by a young French writer, **Jacques Serguine.** There is a new poem, *Cricket Master* by **John Betjeman**, and an article on *Lampedusa in Sicily* by **Archibald Colquhoun,** as well as **Richard Rumbold's** account of *An Evening with Paul Bowles*, and a group of poems by **Bernard Spencer.**

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Underpainting and Overpainting

KEITH SUTTON

Intellectual disciplines define their own structure before they allow the truth of their object to appear. An artist who is instinctively anti-intellectual will sometimes take over the idea of such a structure, will literally make marks of such a framework underneath or on top of a visual image which has been arrived at from purely emotional sources. In the work of a very young artist this complementary activity is so transparent that it does no harm; it neither deceives the artist or viewer nor disguises what is original in the talent of the artist. As the artist grows older his dichotomy becomes more intense, but the practice of compensatory action begins to take effect. As the artist moves towards becoming a rounded personality the imbalance between his talents and his consciousness is fought out more and more on his canvas in works which reflect stress, inconclusiveness and ambivalence. The appeal of such work is in the fight and the integrity with which the artist pursues his integrity.

I find Jack Smith to be such an artist. His recent paintings (Matthiesen) look like essays in abstract picture construction while the artist himself talks about metaphysical perceptual experiences. The result is that while one may have sympathy with Smith's intentions, the works do not coincide with our expectations. It is as if he were making signals at us with the wrong set of flags, he is mixing his semaphores.

What is impressive is that Smith, aware of some such trouble, is able to get as close as he does to an integrated vision. For the hold-up goes way back to his initial talent – that of a man with a pencil in his hand rather than a brush. His drawings look like preparations for a picture; his paintings, in colour, tonality and texture give the impression of being underpaintings for an ultimately to be defined top-coat statement. In exhibiting his works he has the courage to say in effect: This is as far as I've got.

Peter Lanyon (Gimpel's, until 5 November) and Evert Lundquist (Beaux Arts) have an advantage of years over Smith. They are both artists of the 'brush in hand' kind who draw into their pictures all the sensual and tactile qualities of their medium at a primary stage of inception; one with elegance, the other with amplitude. They are also concerned with light, the light of nature, and the light which one piece of paint throws upon another. Both artists build up the pigment on the surface of the canvas as they pursue their images and, on occasion, cut back through it to layers beneath. Yet, whether adding or subtracting, they retain a fresh control over it. They stretch the paint without breaking its elasticity, finishing up as if the last stroke they made was the first thing they saw.

But to stress such a likeness between them would be misleading. Lanyon continues to extend himself in spite of a consistency of vision which might incline a lesser artist to repetition, because the core of his art is a sensual experience of nature. In front of these recent paintings one can almost tell the time of day, the state of the barometer and, possibly, one's geographical location. All this without relaxing one's awareness of the work's distinct and admirable sophistication, its complex

allusions and its formal display of aesthetic paraphrase.

Evert Lundquist is Sweden's most distinguished artist. If this sounds like the academic phraseology of an after-dinner speech of introduction, it is not at fault in terms of accuracy, but rather embarrassingly overdue in terms of opportunity. The Beaux Arts is to be congratulated on giving us a chance of seeing his work, well represented here for the first time.

It would be only fair, after making the point that he shares one attitude towards paint with another artist, to stress how many more artists have taken from him. In fact he makes most artists who work *à la* Bomberg look like a lot of softies. I have already implied that his paint is both luminous and dense, and that in spite of the multiple loading up of the pigment the whole reduces to simple, almost single, abstract gestures of the brush. Nevertheless Lundquist accentuates the clarity of the mass and in some instances the sharpness of silhouette to indicate the figurative origins of the picture. For he is concerned with what is 'there', what the object or person feels like, how much it weighs and, in a sense, what it has been doing or been used for all this time. For he brings the past along with him, drawing a Rembrandt or a Daumier image through himself. In spite of the mature consistency of his style and the simplicity of his subjects, each picture has its own identity. This can be discovered but not defined at the moment one identifies the subject; for it is, I believe, dependent upon an intuitive aptness of scale, which is not just carried over from one picture to the next but which is resident in each work as both cause and effect.

Unrealism

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'Realism' is a term used to cover almost anything, and as widely applied to Joseph Losey's *The Criminal* (Plaza) I can only presume it to mean ferocity of attack. The centre of this thriller, scripted by Alun Owen, is a picture of English prison life in which men appear as frightened and brutish, hysteria is rife, the governor may finger the NEW STATESMAN but his chief warder orchestrates cruelty like a master. The idea of this smooth sadist rattling his keys on an iron stairway in tune with the uproar of prisoners banging on pans and doors, a keeper worse than his captives, gives the film its originality. We are, as we are meant to be, deeply shocked; there is an unpleasant truth here that certainly no British film has ventured to touch on. Patrick Magee nurtures all the shudder, far more disturbingly than Stanley Baker's tough crook who will lose everything for a girl. He challenges us from the apex of nightmare. The thriller acquires a new dimension.

But also we wonder about the status of this figure, since, despite ferocity, so much else in the film hovers between fact and fantasy. The prison is meant to be 'real', yet it heaves with that hysteria which the needs of the plot will bring out. A darkie squats in a corner with a banjo, apparently because some notes of astringent ballad will be needed. A squealer is thrust into the cell where he's certain to be beaten up, and long after we've given up wondering whether any work ever gets done, hemp-picking is brought in to point a bit of dialogue. A similar irresponsibility extends outside the prison gates. Stanley Baker, on the run with his box containing

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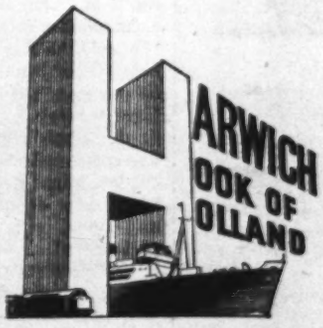

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£40,000, elects to bury it in daylight in the middle of a broad sweep of arable land. What a place to choose, we may think; but it makes a good shot! There's the clue to the film's failure; what should be fine brute fact has the outlines woolly. Good, bad and indifferent, it's all for effect, and never properly establishes its own level of shock and conscience.

Disney's *Jungle Cat* (Studio One) comes to supplant *Pollyanna*, and though there are bits of Uncle Holly burbling over the soundtrack, merriment is confined and we are allowed to enjoy straight most of this exploration of the Amazon Basin forest. A jaguar pair, spotted and black, hold the screen, often in spectacular close-up; and the onlookers, sometimes hunted, include such prehistoric oddities as the sloth and the anteater. It all ends, needless to say, in the Technicolor sunset.

At the London Film Festival, which has so far scored with such minor delights as Philippe de Broca's irrepressible *Les Jeux d'Amour* and Yosif Heifetz's *Lady with the Little Dog*, Antonioni's *L'Avventura* stands out as a masterpiece. It is rather shocking to learn that this film has come under the ban of the new puritanism in Rome. I shall write about it in a few weeks' time, when it comes to the Paris Pullman.

Uncommon Men

JEREMY BROOKS

The stage at the Apollo Theatre is bare of scenery. Against rich blue drapes are set an elegant escritoire, a chaise longue, an isolated chair. In a tall urn stand some of those white, waxen lilies that, even more than the green carnation, have become a symbol for Oscar Wilde the aesthete. And alone among these perfunctory props, for almost two and a half hours, a single actor peoples the stage with the characters from that strange, *fin de siècle* world in which Wilde was first an idol, then an unspeakable criminal, and finally an exile. Micheàl Mac Liammóir's *The Importance of being Oscar* is unlike anything else to be seen on any stage anywhere. He has created an art form, the stage biography, which, if one could think of any other actor with the culture, versatility and creative imagination to tackle the job, might well invite further exploration. But it is a daunting task and perhaps only this actor, with this material, could have pulled it off.

The performance is divided by a single interval. In the first half we are introduced to Wilde, the budding aesthete, as he abandons Dublin for the greater challenge of London society. Through letters, reported epigrams, recited poems and brilliantly enacted extracts from the plays we see Wilde rising, with that genius which he himself declared he had put into life, to the pinnacle from which his own self-absorption was to topple him. In the second half the lilies are gone from the urn and the mood is sombre. The trials are over – how wise of Mr Mac Liammóir not to go through that again – and Wilde, in prison, is writing that terrible letter to Lord Alfred Douglas which, as *De Profundis*, has been hailed as his greatest work. In my view it is a letter which should never have been posted, let alone published, and it diminishes his stature. But Mr Mac Liammóir, choosing his passages with care, makes of it a simple, sustained cry of torment which is so human, so naked, that the hackles which had risen at other moments could not stand before it.

After this *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, recited without flamboyance, showed us the other, likable Wilde, the extraordinary poseur who has been shocked into eloquent ordinariness by the spectacle of human suffering. Beside this Wilde, the other, superficial, entertaining Wilde dwindled almost to unimportance; and whereas it seemed that Mr Mac Liammóir gave too much space to, for instance, his dramatisation of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, he was surely right to give so much to this poem. It is not a great work but it is a wholly human one. It is Mr Mac Liammóir's greatest triumph, in a performance which is in all respects quite remarkable, to have shown as no biographer has done the common man behind the uncommon mask.

This week another live theatre re-opens in the East End. The Grand Palais, Commercial Road, is the old Yiddish Theatre: the legends on the lavatory doors are written in Hebrew, and a large proportion of Monday night's audience were Jews. The atmosphere, like that of a small-town Rep, is a family one: members of the audience wave and shout at one another across the auditorium, at moments of dramatic tension there are unrestrained 'Oohs' and 'Aahs', no one is afraid to giggle in the wrong place or whisper their criticisms to a neighbour. The play chosen for this re-opening was the Deep South race drama *Deep Are the Roots*, a sombrely hopeful melodrama which does not blink the difficulties inherent in its own idealism. It is not, I'm afraid, a very good play, and the production, hampered by lack of physical resources, was poor by West End standards. But I did not go there to criticise. I went to take part in a communal activity which the radio, television and the cinema have all signally failed to stamp out.

Mahler Questions

DAVID DREW

You cannot cheat with Mahler. If there are things in the music you would like to hide, then ask yourself whether perhaps they are merely things you would like to hide *from*. No one likes to blush, but we are truer to ourselves in that moment than if we turn away from the thing that exposes our weakness. There is a school of Mahler interpretation which tries to make Mahler's music blush instead of us. But the essence of Mahler is his iron refusal to deceive himself about anything – and not only about anything 'in itself', but, what is more important, about its antecedents and its consequences. The whole question of Mahler's alleged vulgarity and sentimentality is connected with this, and is as crucial today, when Mahler is at last in favour and is generally forgiven these 'unfortunate flaws' of his, as it was when they were made the excuse for scorning him.

The root of the trouble is that critical faculties never wholly recovered after the disintegration of nineteenth-century values. In the vacuum there grew up a cult of sophistication and false complexity – that is, a surface complexity that is not related to a corresponding development of personality. Today instead of content we are offered 'equipment'; and the more complicated it grows, the more exiguous is its expressive purpose. Since this is the machinery of a cult rather than the life-blood of a culture, it can only be sustained by artificial means, amongst which the techniques of commercial publicity have proved the most useful. The cult of sophistication develops a pseudo-scientific jargon, which is disseminated in glossy trade papers and glossier trade fairs.

The more kudos that is thus bestowed on the enlightened pioneers of the new complexity, the greater is their need to denigrate opposing values. As a result 'banal' has become a vogue word in modish circles, where it is rapidly deprived of any artistic meaning. We are continually told that this type of harmony, this type of rhythm, is banal *per se*. Indeed, we could hardly expect otherwise, once it is accepted that the analysis of the chemical nature of raw material is in itself an absolute criterion of value, regardless of the use to which the material is put.

So we return to Mahler, for this is the point at which he was always attacked, and at which his reputation is still being undermined even by those who now only mention his 'banality' in order to say that it is somehow redeemed by other elements. For the truth is that he is not banal at all. The banal in art is that which has no past and no future. It does not elaborate or define anything which has already been stated or assumed; and it does not contain any latent problem or tension which demands further treatment. It is not so much self-sufficient as self-deficient, for it only achieves some kind of intelligible statement by feeding exclusively on a convention. Thus the diagnosis of banality is not in any way affected by whether the subject is radical or conservative, complicated, simple or downright popular; and it is concerned not with a local event as such but only with its possible and decisive relation to the whole. In Mahler's Fifth Symphony, the famous Adagietto has on occasion been said to be sentimental. But the Adagietto by itself is an incomplete statement, and is not to be understood without reference to the Rondo-Finale which completes it. And on a still larger plane, the unity of these two movements presupposes the balancing unity of the first and second movements of the Symphony.

Such points are easily grasped, once the listener has freed himself from the misty old theory that Mahler's symphonies are the works of an 'inflated songwriter.' The greatest difficulty lies in grasping the extraordinary inclusiveness of Mahler's vision, and in following the often violent contrasts of character and of type which are a necessary part of his symphonic drama. During last week, the Royal Festival Hall was filled to capacity for two commemorative concerts of Mahler's music, given by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Jascha Horenstein, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as soloist. The music evoked a response which at first might have suggested that the difficulties are illusory. One might almost have been persuaded that Tchaikovsky had found a successor in the affections of English audiences. In the case of the vocal music with orchestra, the issue is clear, for it is not a sphere in which Mahler has many rivals. Fischer-Dieskau's *Kindertotenlieder* was masterly, and in many respects an improvement even on his fine recording of the work. But of the symphonies, the audience had less than the complete picture. Horenstein's interpretations have many virtues, but they never quite make the contrasting characters strong enough or clear enough. There are things in both the First and Fifth Symphony which should be, in the best sense, profoundly shocking to the listener. Last week, one wondered if they had even been noticed.

Part of the greatness of Mahler lies in the complexity of his irony, which calls every attitude in question, and depends on the most precise and full-blooded musical characterisation. The irony is the expression of a cool and analysing intelligence, and without it the passionate rhetoric loses the cause of its passion.

Saint Catherine's College, Oxford

University groaners who prophesied that Arne Jacobsen's designs for St Catherine's would 'look like a Danish Bacon factory', are wrong – it will look like an American degree factory. The scheme revealed at last week's press conference shows that the Americanisation of Jacobsen's architecture has now proceeded to the point where St C's will have external sun-screens exactly in the manner of Paul Rudolph's Wellesley College, hung between projecting concrete fins somewhat in the manner of Rudolph's Sarasota school, with the blocks arranged on the site in what will look (from most available viewpoints) like Mies van der Rohe's 'box-car sidings' scheme for the IIT campus in Chicago.

But only from *most* of the available viewpoints; from two places on the ground or a passing helicopter, the scheme will reveal a subtle, half-concealed, pair of axes governing a largely symmetrical plan. One hopes that more explicit drawings, and the finished buildings, will show more hidden subtleties of this sort – it will need them. The project is clearly going to be bitterly attacked, partly for its cost, which must be vastly higher than the level that the University Grants Committee will accept for subsidised work (a useful check, even for non-subsidised schemes like this) and for usages like exposed concrete walls in the study-bedrooms. But the real, quintessential Oxford of dreaming spires and dozy domes should support it. Not only has it no fewer than seven poolside launching pads for future Zuleikas, but by proposing that Oxford has a burning, Florida, evening sun from which the buildings must be sheltered, it stands well within the best collegiate traditions of pretending that university buildings are really somewhere else, like Italy or the Middle Ages.

P.R.B.

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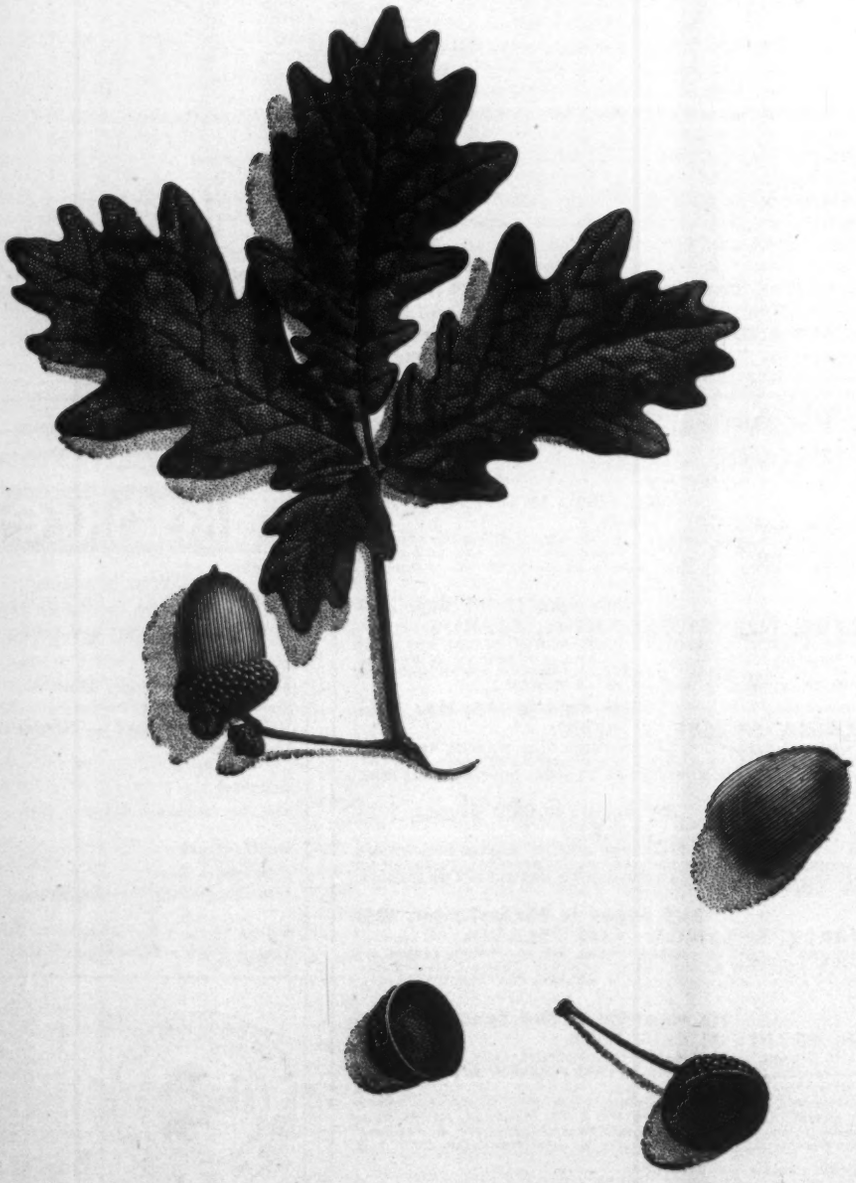

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Correspondence

THE LABOUR CRISIS

SIR, – May I congratulate Harold Wilson in standing for election as leader of the Labour Party?

He has by his action finally separated the leadership problem from the controversial defence issue. Mr Bonnett, in last week's correspondence, called upon the NEW STATESMAN to cease urging on the fanatics and extremists or, he inferred, we would not see a sensible Labour Party returned at the polls. Harold Wilson is certainly not a fanatic or an extremist, and if, like some people, Mr Bonnett considers unilateralists 'fellow travellers' he isn't even one of these. If we were to have a sensible Labour Party it would have to be a party unified and with a leadership which could be both strong and acceptable.

Wilson's action is a contribution to unity because the leadership of the Labour Party must not only be acceptable to the Parliamentary Labour Party but also to annual conference and the rest of the membership. As a man of the centre, although not a supporter of the statement signed by 25 prominent rank and filers or of the 'independent' press, I want to see the party unified and not subordinated to one man, clique, or wing.

Whilst we defend and uphold democracy within the Labour Party we cannot split fundamentally, but as soon as we allow it to become suspect or tarnished, the outlets will disappear and the units within our great federation will separate. Many youngsters spoke at Scarborough and all of them tried to emphasise unity, and if we are to obtain unity and retain our youngsters, we must make an honest effort to do so. We have not had a great deal of unity in the last year and our energy has been dissipated in sterile argument, and if we are to succeed in the future we must have a just settlement of the leadership issue on that issue alone and not tie it to Clause Four, the power of the conference or H-bombs.

Like Wilson I am not a unilateralist, and I was bitterly disappointed that the leadership should attempt to fly their flag from the H-bomb, for it is this action which tends to obscure and confuse. When the leadership problem is settled let us all get down, right, centre and left, and work out our Socialist society and the means to achieve it in a mood of compromise, toleration and unity of purpose, and discuss our differences in their own light without any colourful mixtures.

T. MOLLOY

3 Highclere Gardens
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SIR, – 'Mr Christopher Mayhew and his associates' . . . 'Mr Mayhew and his friends' . . . 'Mr Mayhew, Mr Wyatt and Mr Healey' . . . 'the Gaitskellite-Mayhewite regime' . . . etc.

Thus Mr Michael Foot, in his letter last week, builds up the impression that I belong to an organised group; that this group is small and 'right-wing'; and that my earlier letter reflected its views. Not a word of this is true. I am a less conspiratorial type than Mr Foot. I have neither the habits, temperament, appearance nor literary style of a plotter. I wrote then, as I write now, spontaneously, and with the exclusive assistance of my wife.

Why does the extreme left use these McCarthyite techniques? The front-page leader of the NEW STATESMAN last week was another striking instance. CROSLAND IS EVIL! GAITSKELL KNOWS CROSLAND!! GAITSKELL IS EVIL!!! Is it that the extreme left is so accustomed to acting conspiratorially that they cannot imagine their opponents acting spontaneously?

Inevitably, however, the leftists *are* now making the great majority of the party, the multilateralist Socialists whom they call 'right-wing', feel the need to counter-organise. Watching the clever and quite effective manoeuvres of VFS, CND, *Tribune* and the NEW STATESMAN, we feel that it is no longer enough for us to be in the majority. We must support the initiatives now being taken to convert that majority into an effective political force.

As to the constitutional issue, the difference between Mr Foot and myself is plain enough. We both agree that on this unilateralist issue, on which the conference and the Parliamentary Party are in conflict, the only practicable thing is to leave MPs free to sort out their conflicting loyalties for themselves and vote accordingly.

Where we differ is that Mr Foot wants to go much further than this and let MPs also vote freely on other issues – e.g. German rearmament – *on which the conference and the Parliamentary Party agree*. This suggestion seems to me anarchic and impracticable and certain to lead to the disruption of the party.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW MP

SIR, – I had some sympathy with Mr Gaitskell's stand at Scarborough; after Cardiff, I have none. He cannot say in one breath that circumstances alter policies and then, in the next, ignore such circumstances and insist that the only acceptable change of direction is one which he must approve in advance. Nor can he invite MPs to abide by their 'traditional faith in multilateral disarmament and collective security' (not an election issue for most of them anyhow) and not note that unilateralism does not exclude multilateralism and collective security does not only mean being in Nato. This approach may appeal to the 80 MPs aged 60 or over; it is unlikely to attract the votes of youngsters outside, who will see the Labour Party being led (by Mr Gaitskell) into paralysing strife over a false antithesis. No election will be won this way.

The terrifying thing about this offensive by the Right is that it appears only to be stupid. When our affluent (*sic*) society is crying out for positive action by Socialists to replace commercialised values with worthwhile ones, and there is so much to be done both at the levels of everyday living and in the broader context of our changing world, it may seem the antithesis of leadership to force a fight over 'in or out of Nato'. But Mr Gaitskell is right and not just stupid when he says he cannot sidestep this issue. It is fundamental to the strategy of the Right. Tied to Nato, the US and Dr Adenauer, only their kind of Socialism is possible. Your readers of the Left and Centre should think hard about, and learn the lessons of, this present crisis which is being pushed along by every Conservative newspaper. The other kind of Socialism, which will exploit the positive possibilities of this atomic age, calls for another kind of leadership. Mr Gaitskell has thrown down the gauntlet; it will be an unpleasant and prolonged fight.

JAMES H. SANG

165 Mayfield Road
Edinburgh 9

SIR, – As an ordinary Labour supporter I would like to add my protest to those already made against your recent anti-Gaitskell line. You may or may not approve of Mr Gaitskell but I think you will find that his views are in fact much closer to those of the Labour rank and file than are those of Mr Cousins; at least I have found this to be so in the case of many of my Socialist acquaintances. By all means try to change our views if you so wish, but don't persuade yourself that at present we are much impressed by Mr Cousins.

This does not, incidentally, mean that we are deceived by the civil defence sham or so absorbed with football pools and television that we have remained unaware that our chances of surviving a nuclear war are non-existent. We know quite well what will happen; we are merely unconvinced by the argument in favour of unilateral disarmament.

What many of us would like to see, preferably in your columns, is a well-informed and objective assessment of the arguments for and against unilateralism. It seems to be impossible for most people to discuss these matters rationally, as shown by J. B. Priestley's article in a recent NEW STATESMAN; what one wants is a clear and cool assessment of our relative chances of survival if we disarm unilaterally or maintain (perhaps with some modifications) that status quo. Have we a choice between being an American satellite or being a Russian satellite? If we have, what precisely does it involve in terms of practical politics? I think a serious and reasoned attempt to answer questions like these would be welcomed by many people, Socialist or otherwise; it might help to remove a little of the quiet despair of the average man who feels that while a nuclear war would be suicide, the threat of it is the only way to restrain Mr Krushchev. How else can one restrain a man who in your words is 'obsessed by missiles'?

F. L. HUDSON

Medlars Mead Cottage
Godden Green
Sevenoaks

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

SIR, – May I draw your attention to the following sentence from the United States Information Agency's Report on European public opinion – quoted by Alistair Cooke in the *Guardian* of 28 October?

'Asked if "in the present world situation, your country should side with the US, the USSR, or with neither" a majority in both countries (52 per cent in France, 46 per cent in Britain) would prefer to go it alone.'

It does not look as though a Labour Party, pledged to neutralism, would be as bereft of supporters as we are constantly being asked to believe!

CYRIL KING

Pennyfold
Steep
Petersfield

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CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

SIR, – It has been distressing to read Critic on his curious and unwarranted remarks with regard to CND and civil disobedience.

Those of us in the Campaign who have been with it from its inauguration and before that with the National Council, have worked over the years with one concern: to urge Britain's initiative to abandon nuclear weapons and their false security, *et hoc genus omne*. How we went about this as individuals was and is a matter of personal conscience. I see no incompatibility between the direct action of civil disobedience and persuasion by more mundane means, and each person, be he chairman, president (past), or ordinary supporter is free to decide how far he feels he can go.

Considering the utmost urgency of the problem of nuclear weapons and the drift to war, who can say that such and such a method is not justified?

As one ordinary supporter, may I applaud Bertrand Russell (now another ordinary supporter), for his call for massive civil disobedience and his re-introduction of the note of urgency which was, for many people I am afraid, being lost in hopeful visions of doubling numbers on Aldermaston's 1961, 1962, 1963 . . . Boom!

COLIN SHAW

23 Parliament Hill
NW3

[Critic writes: There are two distinct issues here. The first is whether civil disobedience is an effective policy in present circumstances. This is a matter of argument: the Executive has rightly always held that individuals must follow their own consciences and that the two lines of activity can continue side by side. But can anyone doubt that if the president of an organisation starts a personal campaign without the consent or even the knowledge of the executive, his action must tend to split the movement? – Ed., NS.]

CUBAN PROSPECTS

SIR, – Mr Barazetti should not write about Cuba until he knows more about it. He argues that the regime's popularity is due to Castro's anti-Americanism and his 'romantic claptrap.' The public opinion poll I quoted concluded that it was due primarily to its economic and social achievements, and indeed that 'economic motives continue to be the fundamental ones in the formation of Cuban public opinion.' He claims that 'freedom of the press has been abolished by the simple device of banning all independent newspapers'. When I left, the most formidable of the independent newspapers, *Informacion*, was daily expressing a cautious but evident dissent. He states that the 'worker's income has been reduced'. In fact, in the first half of 1960 the total wage-bill was about half as large again as in the last comparable period before the revolution. His suggestion that all trade union controversy has been stilled is equally wide of the mark.

If Cubans chanced to read his letter, most of them would not merely fail to recognise their country in it. They would not even understand what is worrying him. For this reason I attempted to quote one of the few residents whose political reactions seemed to me to be like those of a working-man brought up in the West European liberal or social-democratic tradition, namely my friend Pepe, whose opinions annoy Mr Barazetti. My point was to show that even by the standards of such a man, i.e. those of the 'liberal freedoms', the present regime is a vast improvement on its predecessor. To illustrate: my friend now felt free to listen to American broadcasts, whereas under Batista he had been frightened when listening to Russian ones.

I cannot help it if the Cuban revolution sounds 'too good to be true' to ignorant and biased outsiders. The present happy situation may not survive the American cold war of the next few months. But while it lasts, it is the duty of the reporter to report it, as well as the pleasure of

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the Socialist to welcome it; even if it does not happen to conform to Mr Barazetti's idea of what government ought to be like.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

London
WC1

FACE TO FACE

SIR, – Would you, just for the hell of it, grant a maladjusted, TV-harassed building labourer with intellectual pretensions a little space in your paper in order that he may come face to face with John Freeman?

What John Freeman seems to be saying through his journalistic mask might be summed up as follows: 'I try to use TV for the enlightenment of the public and if they don't like me they can adjust their sets accordingly; but don't criticise my aims and methods; that's undemocratic.' He may have a point. His interpretation of democracy is as valid as anyone else's these days; and the answer to many a dilemma lies, so near and yet so far, in the turn of a switch.

Personally, I admire John Freeman's efforts to break new ground in TV, but it does seem to me that he exaggerated the possibilities of what is, after all, merely a variation of an old form of journalism, the personal interview – with all its special limitations. And, paradoxically, the most severe limitation is precisely the fact that TV is the greatest of all the media of mass communication. It reaches a far wider audience than the popular press (that is if we include children: the advertisers are alive to this), and its content of serious news and comment is correspondingly lower and likely to remain so as long as viewing figures are the criterion of success. Perhaps, in his heart of hearts, John Freeman knows that if he followed the advice of his more serious critics, who want higher standards not thrills and shocks, he would soon be elbowed off the screen.

If one could divide TV into three main parts, one might say that 90 per cent of TV is Light Programme, ten per cent Home Service – and the remaining nil Third Programme. The only practical solution seems to be a special channel for select viewers, but this would defeat John Freeman's aim of enlightening the viewing public. People who, like John Freeman, are trying to make better use of TV have a big problem. My problem is how to tear myself away from the set.

R. C. H. WEBBER

330 Greystoke Avenue
Bristol

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JOSEPH NOVAK

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21s

BODLEY HEAD

DEATH OF THE NEWS CHRONICLE

SIR, – In my letter which you published last week I cited three cases of particular hardship caused by the closing down of the *News Chronicle*. I have since been investigating further the second of these cases – 'long-service sub-editor (middle-aged, married, three children)' – and I regret to find that the story as I reported it (in good faith and on what I thought good authority) proves to have been garbled. The man in question has, I understand, worked for the *Daily Mail* but only for a very short time and in a strictly temporary capacity. He was never engaged by the *News Chronicle* though he was on trial by them just prior to the close-down. I much regret misleading you and your readers: this particular hard case clearly won't wash.

FLEET STREETER

[We are glad to print this correction – especially as it is generally recognised that the *Daily Mail* has done a great deal to lessen the hardship to the staff of the *Chronicle* close-down. – Ed., NS.]

THE END OF INSOLENCE

SIR, – Reading Reyner Banham's article on motor car design brought on the same sort of intellectual reaction as one might experience while listening to a comprehensive justification of national defence policy by a junior Tory minister. I mean one simply does not know where to begin demolishing it.

To start with the Volkswagen: is a factory which 'recognises no responsibility except to its own workers' such a bad thing? I should have thought it nearer to the precepts of Adam Smith than the obvious preoccupation with the shareholders that characterises those bald executives who appear on TV each week and tell us that the government must do away with hire-purchase restrictions on motor-cars. Mr Banham dismisses the 'hidden technical improvements' to the VW without enumerating them, then shows his ignorance by quoting an expression current in Germany two years ago before the chassis was revised by an anti-roll bar, hydraulic damper on the steering, and altered negative camber on the rear swing axles. The 'unrealistically low selling price' is still higher than that of the Mini-minor, with which he compares it unfavourably, varying from differentials of £253 in Britain, $310 in America and £A305 in Australia, to a mere 170 francs in Switzerland. With the exception of Germany and Australia there are no countries where the VW undersells the Mini. Mr Banham further tries to explain the success of this car by talk of the 'International Design Establishment'; but this car sells in millions to diggers, trappers, African tradesmen – hardly 'people concerned with the theory and criticism of design'. Why not just face the fact that it does 75 mpg at a constant 30 mph, is beautifully made, and utterly reliable?

When Mr Banham gets on to the American 'compacts' he threshes even more wildly. Indeed without the factual errors (few in number, but occurring whenever a fact is asserted) to hang on to I would have drowned in the verbiage. Anway here we go. The 'radical' Chev with air-cooled rear engine sold worse than any of its rivals and would have broken anyone but General Motors. The Pontiac has not had its transmission 'radically revised', but simply put somewhere else – the gear-box and ratios are the same as on the Buick Special and the Oldsmobile F 85. 'Hidden changes to make the cars workable in their ever more fantastic shape'? He doesn't name one. There haven't, alas, been any. 'Yet more violent changes in appearances necessitated by rear engines'? But the Chevrolet (rear engine) uses the same body shell as the Pontiac (front engine).

The last paragraph of this very odd article I read through four times, and then once with my engine at the back, and I still didn't understand it. The only conclusion that I came to is that 'motoring' articles by experts may be boring, but they've got nothing on 'motoring' articles by laymen – especially when the authors are contaminated by having read, but imperfectly understood, the works of Hegel. 'Anger' on its own is all very well applied to some of today's problems, but when it is injected into a specialised, technical field, the result is utter nonsense.

ALAN CLARK

Towg Farm
Bratton-Clovelly
Devonshire

OUT OF TUNE

SIR, – The replies to Anne Richemont do not mention one important point. A poor ear for music often means a poor *mental* ear – i.e. the person affected cannot form a clear mental image of a note with a definite pitch. Thus he may be able to match his voice to a note while the note is sounding, but not after it has died away.

The ability to form and retain and manipulate appropriate mental images is closely correlated, I believe, with innate ability in many fields – mathematics, poetry, philosophy, mechanics; the range is wide.

Rather surprisingly, a poor ear for music may go with an excellent ear for words – Yeats was an example.

MARTIN RIDGE

London
W8

DEPARTMENT OF SAUCERS

SIR, – The inside information conveyed to Critic by the gentleman in touch with flying saucer operators, to the effect that the weather vagaries of the past summer, and the Agadir and Chilean earthquakes, are the responsibility of these extra-terrestial visitors, is theologically at variance with informed opinion as expressed in the correspondence columns of a leading Irish newspaper, which definitely lays it down that the cause is divine displeasure at the increasing display, in defiance of the Pope's repeated warnings, of the scantily clothed female form in bikinis and shorts.

MURROE FITZGERALD

Westpark
Tramore
Eire

SCARBOROUGH

SIR, – Two weeks ago you published an article (NS, 22 October; p. 591) in which it was alleged that Mr Macmillan and his party had taken a disproportionate amount of the first class accommodation on the 11 a.m. train from King's Cross to York. As your readers may be misled by this I would like to state the facts, which are that out of a total of 90 first class seats on that train only two compartments, i.e. 12 first class seats, were reserved for the Prime Minister's party.

I feel that you will agree that this was not an excessive proportion of the accommodation which was available.

Might I also add that our records show that 28 first class seats were not occupied when the train left King's Cross.

T. A. GERMAINE
Assistant Public Relations Officer

British Railways
Eastern Region

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Plague of Europe

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Why do we assume that historians must deal with the past, leaving it to journalists to describe the events of our own times? Mainly because, ever since the Germans invented *Quellenforschung*, the synoptic view of the classical historian has been splintered into a dozen blinkered sciences. Thousands of special studies – prolegomena to history – are produced each year by researchers who have been taught that no topic is too small or trivial for consideration, provided you can marshal every fact about it. As a result, anyone trying to write comprehensively about a period is faced with a bibliography that compels him to know either too much or too little. Yet the belief that documents should be the main source for any real historian remains almost unchallenged. Indeed, it is often employed as a proof that the writing of contemporary history is impossible. Only when all the sources have been published, we are told, can the historian get down to work. As though the ability to read a few thousand more secret documents could make up for the loss of that personal experience and intuitive understanding which only a contemporary, writing about his own times, can possess.

I was delighted, therefore, when I heard that William Shirer, who first made his name during the war with his *Berlin Diary*, had sat down to write what he boldly describes as 'A History of Nazi Germany'.* The Third Reich is still so close that those of us who are over 50 can remember its impact upon ourselves, from its first beginnings in the inflation of 1923 until the final collapse in 1945. Tear it away from its place in the web of world history and we see not a shapeless fragment but a complete picture. Here, then, is the perfect subject for contemporary history – a subject, moreover, which also satisfies the requirements of 'Scientific' history. The accident of Germany's total defeat has provided a wealth of documentation, vast and indigestible enough to satisfy even the most demanding pundit. Never has there been a regime whose records have been made so rapidly and so fully available as Adolf Hitler's.

By profession a foreign correspondent, Mr Shirer has naturally taken Thucydides as his model. In the eyes of the ancient Greek, there was no contradiction between journalism and academic research. On the contrary, as Mr Shirer reminds us, Thucydides began his *Peloponnesian War* by observing that he had 'lived through the whole war, being of an age to comprehend events and giving my attention to them in order to know the exact truth about them.' What we now call a sense of news and an ability to report accurately seemed to him essential qualities for writing history. Mr Shirer has sought to combine the Thucydidean standard of 'exact truth' with a twentieth-century ideal of 'objectivity'.

> In this book I have tried to be severely objective, letting the facts speak for themselves and noting the source for each. No incidents, scenes or quotations stem from the imagination; all are based on documents, the testimony of eyewitnesses or my own personal observations.

Thucydides never fettered his historical imagination in this way. Every word he puts in the mouth of his main protagonists – including the funeral speech of Pericles and the Melian Dialogue – is avowedly invented. By means of these fictional speeches he diagnoses the motives of action and anatomises the bone structure of the personality, which is concealed as well as revealed by speech. Whereas events, in his philosophy, are indeed facts, which must be exactly recorded, human behaviour – including the documents we write and the words we utter – should never be accepted at their face value, since truth always lies not in them but behind them.

Even in dealing with events, moreover, Thucydides was not objective, in the modern historian's sense of the word. For him, the amassing of information was not an end in itself but a method of clinical research. He studied the world of the Greek city states as though it was a complex living organism, whose health was explicable by scientific law and whose diseases could be cured, provided they were subjected to scientific diagnosis. *The History of the Peloponnesian War* is really a case-history, composed by a doctor of political science, of the disease that caused the downfall of Athens.

Had Mr Shirer applied this Thucydidean method to the world we live in, he would have treated post-1918 Germany as a patient, diagnosed her disease and described how the infection nearly destroyed our Western civilisation. But, having praised Thucydides, Mr Shirer proceeds to bury him and adopts quite a different model of history-writing – combining a Germanic respect for *Quellenforschung* with the old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon view that, if geography is about maps, history is about (great) chaps. Under this treatment *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* becomes not a history of Nazi Germany but a biography of Adolf Hitler – overblown and, I fear, devoid of much distinction of style. Yet every serious student must read this enormous book, since it is built on a foundation of immensely important unpublished German material – for example, General Halder's seven-volume diary. The first 300 pages, which deal with the Führer's rise to power, are inferior to Alan Bullock's superbly competent account and add virtually nothing to our knowledge. Even the lengthy chapter dealing with the conspiracy of 20 July 1944 leaves unchallenged the main findings reached by John Wheeler-Bennett in *Nemesis of Power*. But there are rich oases in this desert, particularly the chapters dealing with the military preparations for the Austrian and Czech *coups* and the attack on Russia.

Although Mr Shirer's almost exclusive reliance on the German documentation now amassed in Washington gives his book a real interest, it also makes it perilously lopsided. Indeed, his sub-title should have been 'The History of Nazi Germany through German Eyes'. This lopsidedness is aggravated by his unwise decision to rely on his memories as a reporter in Berlin and Vienna. It was his job at that time to cover only one side of the war, since the correspondents in other capitals could be counted on to restore the balance for his radio listeners. Unfortunately, however, he has retained this one-sided German viewpoint in his history, with the paradoxical result that he glorifies a regime which he personally detests.

Two examples of this unbalance will suffice. I take the first from a chapter entitled 'Life in the Third Reich: 1933-37':

> The young in the Third Reich were growing up to have strong and healthy bodies, faith in the future of their country and in themselves and a sense of fellowship and camaraderie that shattered all class and economic and social barriers. I thought of that later, in the May days of 1940, when along the road between Aachen and Brussels one saw the contrast between the German soldiers, bronzed and clean-cut from a youth spent in the sunshine on an adequate diet, and the first British war prisoners, with their hollow chests, round shoulders, pasty complexions and bad teeth – tragic examples of the youth that England had neglected so irresponsibly in the years between the wars.

It is understandable that a journalist, concerned with ephemeral impressions, should say this in a radio talk and even that he should reprint it in his *Berlin Diary*. But it is a shock to find it repeated once again in what purports to be history. Did not Mr Shirer in the summer of 1945 see 'bronzed and clean-cut' British youth pursuing a herd of demoralised and shabby Germans? Victory makes a world of difference to a soldier's appearance. Anyway, it is worth remembering that the Germans Mr Shirer saw in 1940 had been 'irresponsibly neglected' first as babies at the end of the 1918 war, then during the 1924 inflation and once again during the four years of German mass unemployment. This passage is a fossilised nugget of Nazi wartime propaganda, encapsulated in an American history.

My second example is taken from a passage in which Mr Shirer comments on Hitler's decision to postpone the Russian campaign and attack Yugoslavia.

> It is hardly too much to say that by making this catastrophic decision that March afternoon in the Chancellery in Berlin during a moment of convulsive rage he tossed away his last golden opportunity to win the war and to make of the Third Reich, which he had created with such stunning if barbarous genius, the greatest empire in German history . . .

Every German nationalist will applaud this astonishing claim that the German Army could have won the war if it had not been

* *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. By William L. Shirer. *Secker & Warburg*. 63s.

for Hitler's mistakes. Once again, after World War II, it is a foreign observer who provides the alibi for German militarism. The *Dolchstosslegende* was invented by a British general, when he carelessly tossed off the judgment that the German armies in 1918 were stabbed in the back by the home front. Within a few months Hitler had made this legend one of his main psychological levers of power. This time the German Army is acquitted of losing the war – by an American historian.

Fortunately the facts Mr Shirer has amassed make nonsense of the legend. The Third Reich was bound to destroy itself, because it was the sole example in European history of a Hobbesian Leviathan, actuated solely by force and fraud. As Hobbes predicted, this Leviathan was able to exact not merely self-interested obedience but respectful awe from its own subjects – including even its opponents. But when Leviathan sets out to conquer the world, what has it to offer its neighbours – except slavery and annihilation? The truth is that the Third Reich was bound by its own innermost nature to create the world alliance which ultimately defeated it. Mr Shirer no doubt felt that, in order to prove his 'objectivity', he must be fair to the Germans by emphasising their industrial efficiency and military prowess before showing how everything was brought to nought by Hitler's 'egomania'. But the only way to be fair both to Germany and to her neighbours is to follow Thucydides's precept and diagnose the manic disease to which the German nation is prone – the dream of Europe united under a Germanic *Herrenvolk* – and show how this led inevitably to destruction. The tragic truth about the Third Reich is grander than Mr Shirer's personalised melodrama.

Massacre

The news of suffering, great spell of breath
Over these things I have not heard or seen:
Why do I make this photograph my own
View of a huddled-up but noisy death?
Some finger made the shutter close, which
then
Opened the lens to what I have not done.

This newspaper open, that hides my face,
Shows me a body laid along a street
And nothing but its emptiness. The weight
Of guilt must feel less heavy when no trace
Of private guilt is there.
I stand and pull
The trigger which can do nothing else but kill.

Savage but bland, cased in a mesh of tweed,
My brief-case at my feet, my bottom firm
On a firm seat on a suburban line,
I speed away, face hidden. When I bleed
I blame the razor, secateurs or thorn
And not the time or place where I was born.

But still the sharp light lies along that back
Sieved through with bullets and then left
to lie.
Men write down words like 'crime' and
'tragedy',
Men put down black on white and white on
black.

And I see nothing as I travel home
But feel blunt heads lie heavy on each bone.

ANTHONY THWAITE

Tea with Beerbohm

Conversation with Max. By S. N. BEHRMAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

'In kind the play always was unlike any other, and in its kind it still seems perfect.' Such were Max Beerbohm's words on *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and if for 'play' we substitute something like 'his writing' the sentence may well stand as the verdict on Max's own work. He was, as Shaw said, incomparable, and he remains so. He knew, better perhaps than any writer who ever lived, the exact nature and range of his talents, and he was careful never to go beyond them. And he knew them right from the beginning, so that when he wrote in the concluding essay of *The Works of Max Beerbohm*, 'I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo juioribus*', he wasn't merely indulging in the playful insolence of an extraordinarily clever young man of 23. Rather, he was intimating that, if he had been so before, he was no longer in competition with anyone; and though, luckily for us, *The Works of Max Beerbohm* was the first of his books and not their sum, he never was in competition with anyone. You must take him for what he is, or leave him. It wasn't until 1910 that he settled at Rapallo and for years before had been a working journalist (for such, I suppose, it must be conceded dramatic critics are); yet one feels that from the start he had been in retirement. If ever there was a private face it was Max's.

What went on behind it? It is the virtue of Mr Behrman's delightful book that it tells us something of what did. Mr Behrman made his first pilgrimage to Rapallo as late as 1952 but after that visited Max often, usually for tea. He reports Max's opinions and reminiscences of Shaw, Wilde, James, Rudyard Kipling, Frank Harris, Arnold Bennett among others; in between, he sketches in the background of his subject's life. He collects specimens of Max's work that I at least have not seen before: there is a wonderful parody of a Hardy poem occasioned by the then Prince of Wales's visit to the great man at Dorchester:

> Lift latch, step in, be welcome, Sir,
> Albeit to see you I'm unglad
> And your face is fraught with a deathly shyness
> Bleaching what pink it may have had.
> Come in, come in, Your Royal Highness . . .

Remembering a caricature he had seen on the wall of Sir Gerald du Maurier's dressing room at the St James's in 1926, the legend of which, purporting to be an extract from *The Times*, began:

> An interesting wedding was quietly celebrated yesterday at the Ealing Registry Office, when Mr Edward Windsor was united to Miss Flossie Pearson. The bridegroom, as many of our elder readers will recall, was one time well-known as 'heir-apparent' of the late 'King' George. He has for some years been residing at 'Balmoral', 85 Acacia Terrace, Lenin Avenue, Ealing; and his bride is the only daughter of his landlady . . .

Mr Behrman quizzes his host about his caricature of royalty. What, in particular, has happened to that of the Duke of Windsor? Max replies:

> '. . . I don't know where it is, but a series I did of Edward VII was bought by the Royal Family, don't you know. It is not generally known, but they are at Windsor. The tenants keep them behind a panel in the drawing-room. I am told that when they have people they are cosy with, they take them out from behind the panel and show them . . .'

But what Mr Behrman does especially well is to catch Max in the rhythm of his ordinary daily life, a life devoted, one feels, to giving innocent pleasure, to his friends and to himself. So we learn of the copy of Archibald Henderson's *George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works*, which Max 'embellished' for the edification of William Archer; and of the copy of *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands*, by Queen Victoria, which Max prepared for his own delight. It bears, besides the normal dedication to 'My Loyal Highlanders and especially to the Memory of My Devoted Personal Attendant and Faithful Friend John Brown', another, written in the royal schoolgirl handwriting:

> For Mr Beerbohm
> the never-sufficiently-to-be-studied writer, whom Albert looks down on affectionately, I am sure –
>
> From his Sovereign
> Victoria, RI
> Balmoral, 1899.

The phrase 'the art of living' is not one that normally makes good sense to me; but here in Mr Behrman's rendering of Beerbohm one does get the impression of a life lived as art; and the art it resembles is precisely that of the essays and the caricatures – an art exquisitely civilised, infinitely subtle, compounded of irony upon irony, a miniaturist's art. As much as Swift, Beerbohm might have cried, 'Vive la bagatelle!' for no man had a nicer appreciation of the importance of the bagatelle. The bagatelle for Swift, though, was a defence against the terror of madness. All Max suffered from was nightmares, and their nature he did not divulge to Mr Behrman. A pity: one would like to have known.

WALTER ALLEN

Dark Gods & Daylight Art

The Metamorphosis of the Gods. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Translated by STUART GILBERT. *Secker & Warburg.* £7 10*s.*

In *The Metamorphosis of the Gods* Malraux has a more substantial and more complex thesis to argue than in *The Voices of Silence* or, for that matter, in the general sections of *Saturn*, his often baffling account of Goya. He argues:

> For a long while art has ceased to mean what it once meant in the ancient East, in Christendom, in mediæval Asia and America, even in Greece . . . What those people for whom art exists . . . have in common is not their refinement or eclecticism but their recognition of the mysterious power which (transcends) history by means that are not those of beauty.

This power has nothing to do with the world of appearances; it is not necessarily God but somehow 'something else' – 'the relationship between the tidal rhythms of human life and a power that governs or transcends it'. This is the deism of a highly emotional writer: when he is happy he is an earth-ecstatic; otherwise he resents the remoteness of the governing power and observes that 'Even Vishnu only belongs to a higher cycle of appearance'. Either way he wants ecstasy, which comes from opening oneself to the 'oldest man-made forms' in the Imaginary Museum. Such forms, says

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Malraux, compose an art not an end in itself, an art which rejects the evidence of the senses in order to reveal 'a supra-real world existing here and now'.

In other words, he is once again extolling imagination as a religious force. It is imagination that fills the void, makes the incomprehensible visible, supplies a repertory of gripping rather than delighting images and so frees man from the chaos of his beginnings and the status of animal. All religion is imagination, in fact: gods familiarised by long reverence are no less the products of imagination than, say, the deities invented by William Blake. Both sets of gods begin as arbitrary inventions. The difference is (as the book's 200-odd plates magnificently reveal) that the imagination can keep on modifying and reportraying well-established gods without fear of demolishing, whereas the man who invents a private pantheon is daunted by his own arbitrariness.

All the same, Malraux's pantheon is no one else's, just as his comparisons, combinations and suggested affinities are unique. He is presenting a faith but no dogma. His responses are less formal than atmospheric; he speaks of 'numinous dusk' and the 'silken susurration' of the desert:

> A stridency of chaffering weaves through the clamor of motor-horns across the rain-swept dusk, and all the electricity of India is ablaze . . . and once more the measured baying of the horn calls down the Vedic night to shroud alike the sleep of the sacred cows and the shrill modernity of chromium.

This exemplifies his atmospheric agnosticism better than any list of transformed or combined deities. In fact the arguing in the book is almost absent-minded, as if it didn't matter anyway. I don't think it does. At one point Malraux explains that 'The maker of Zoser sought to endow a Pharaoh with eternity; Vermeer did not try to eternise a maidservant'. But, we read, 'was not Vermeer also trying to withdraw something from time?' Well, does Vermeer fit or not? What exactly is the difference between 'eternising', and 'withdrawing' from time? If there is no difference, Malraux is merely offering the old idea of *ars longa*. If there is, then how does Vermeer's maidservant exemplify a metamorphosed god? Malraux seems to try getting just about everything into his religion – an understandable enough impulse provided you aren't supposed to be concentrating on gods (or on the sacred, which comes into being after the divine has been perceived). Nor is it illuminating or even enlighteningly rash to say that 'The greatest artists created the forms of their gods but the gods accepted them only if men recognised them as such'. Whatever that means (and the translation is usually better than that), how does Malraux know? The book abounds in such fancies, as well as in lacunae and rhapsodies.

I am left with two main impressions. The consecutive accounts of how the Olympians declined into civic deities, how the theatrical supplanted the divine from the end of the fourth century until the decline of Rome, how Byzantium replaced gesturing statues with static figures, how Christian mosaics resumed Late Antiquity through the medium of the illuminated book, and how sacred art responded to the transition from faith to 'communion' and then private worship, until 'For the first time a Christian artist dared to pit the images of his dreams against those of the world of God', with the nymphs and the angels level-pegging – all this is dazzling, told with gracious enthusiasm in an idiom more colloquial than is usual for Malraux. But surely there is something specious about an argument that runs: sacred art defies the evidence of the senses; so does the art of Picasso and Braque; therefore non-representational art is the most religious.

The true Malraux shows, I think, in the section called 'The Divine': 'For Greece', he says, 'the sacred in its full sense did not exist, but neither did the wholly "profane"; since immanent in every form of life was a spark of the divine enhancing it'. 'The Greeks', he continues, 'set up against the hierarchy of the Absolute the prestige of the imaginary . . . The sacred is replaced by the sublime, the supernatural by the marvellous, and Destiny itself by tragedy'. *The Metamorphosis of the Gods* embodies the humanism of a pantheistic aesthete who, in his turn, deposes the beautiful for the arresting. Even so, you have to be able to *see* these things in order to get anything from them; so no wonder Malraux speaks of 'a fragile art of daylight'. In the long run it is obsessions that count, not art; and they too, as well as all forms of religious experience, must come eventually under the heading of imagination. Courage only – especially to admit how much is no more than imagined – is not illusory.

This is a brave book, then, exposing art's limits but alerting us to its neglected uses. '*All* sacred arts are intended', according to Malraux, 'to appeal to the simple in heart, and none is illusionistic.' The simple in heart will go on getting what they have always got; no Malraux need intervene. On the other hand, there's no agnostic who doesn't want to be his own demiurge. This book will show him how, if he doesn't know already.

PAUL WEST

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CHATTO & WINDUS

The Price of Acceptance

Marcus Samuel. By ROBERT HENRIQUES. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 42*s.*

It is true to say of Marcus Samuel that he came from the East End slums, but it is not important. When he was born, in 1853, his father was already quite a prosperous shell merchant (the Victorians used shells a great deal for shell boxes and other ornaments), and when Marcus was very young the family moved west. Marcus himself had a good education at a well-known Jewish school in Brussels, and inherited enough money to set up in business with his brother Samuel. There were two important things for Marcus about the country in which he grew up: first, it allowed Jews to live in peace, dignity, and prosperity; secondly, it didn't quite accept them. The first of these two circumstances made him fiercely patriotic, but the second meant that he could not serve his country until he could force his country to accept his services – until he was important. And the only way for him to be important was to be rich. The combined action of the two circumstances upon a character of extraordinary vigour and vision created a mixture which exploded into one of the greatest firework displays in the history of international tycoonery.

The family trade in shells had already expanded into a miscellaneous oriental trade when Marcus and his brother Sam entered it. But they had practically no capital; they traded on the credit which Marcus acquired, by his personal qualities, with the great oriental firms such as Jardine Matheson, which backed some of his early oil trading. Marcus's great moment came when he realised that if a firm such as his own was to get anywhere in the oil business, it must find a means of successfully challenging Standard Oil in some large field of operations. It was a prospect which would have unnerved many great capitalists, and Marcus was not yet a great capitalist; it was still on borrowed money that he carried through his great *coup* of 1891-2. Its aim was to find new markets for oil in the Far East, and it had three parts: to secure supplies of oil; to build tankers which would be safe enough to be permitted through the Suez Canal; and to build up a comprehensive storage and distributing system.

All three Marcus Samuel did in a great, sustained, and triumphant outburst of entrepreneurial genius. When the *coup* was accomplished the Shell Company was amongst the Great Powers of oil, up in the ferocious empyrean of the Standard, the Nobels, the Rothschilds, and later the Royal Dutch.

Meanwhile Marcus Samuel had become an alderman. He devoted an incredible amount of time to his civic duties; later, when he was Lord Mayor, his neglect of a business crisis was part of a series of events which led to the Shell Company's eventual amalgamation with the Royal Dutch. For to Samuel his civic career meant acceptance, and that was more important than business. In fact it appears to have become an obsession, which changed a high-spirited, energetic, brilliantly charming, gay young man into a withdrawn, arrogant, pompous stock figure of a self-made millionaire, painfully concerned about status symbols. (He bought a famous country house, complete with furnishings and library, and somehow contrived to have the correct Grey-of-Fallodon kind of feeling about it.)

All this Mr Robert Henriques (who is married to Marcus Samuel's granddaughter)

tells with great insight and sympathy on the personal side, and with great knowledge, backed by massive documentation, on the business side. For although many Shell papers have been destroyed in the holocausts of historical material with which Big Business was, until recently, apt to celebrate progress, Mr Henriques had access to the famous records of Standard Oil, the old enemies, and has made extensive use of them. As a result he has written an important contribution to business history as well as a penetrating study of a complex personality and a curiously mixed career.

In the end, it worked out. In alliance with Fisher, Samuel had pressed for an oil-burning navy, and won his battle in the teeth of bitter Admiralty opposition; in the war he was finally able to convince the authorities that his Borneo crude oil was exceptionally rich in toluol, and performed prodigies in producing it. It was a vital step towards victory in a war in which Samuel's son Gerald was killed. Gerald had been a poet, but his parents were too busy to know this until after his death. Marcus Samuel died Viscount Bearsted. He had been accepted; but one is left feeling that the price had been too high, and that too many people were involved in paying it.

J. D. SCOTT

Off our Heads

Mental Health and Social Policy, 1845-1959. By KATHLEEN JONES. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Mental health is an invention of the twentieth century. Few people know what it is, and fewer still have experienced it. But the desirability of a thing is often more stimulating than its enjoyment, and the effect of this seductive phrase is what matters. A primitive taboo has been wiped out. There has been a revolutionary change of mind about the mind. Madness is no longer either a sin or a crime, the body is no longer the only respectable seat of illness. And every day another worried GP starts taking notes about his patients' worries.

The story of this healthy change has been told in two excellent books by Dr Kathleen Jones, Lecturer in Social Administration at the University of Manchester. The first, *Lunacy, Law, and Conscience, 1744-1845*, was published five years ago. Before 1744 this country had no legislation providing for the care of the insane. Lunatics, suspected for centuries of being in league with the Devil, were still the victims of that malignant cruelty universally reserved for psychic enemies. The rich were put away in private madhouses, the poor rotted in gaols and workhouses or in the sheds and cellars of their homes; and all were mercilessly restrained. Treatment consisted of weakening purges, vomits and bleedings. The first reforms were insignificant and gradual, but the Devil himself helped them along by moving into Royalty. Insanity thus got itself talked about and acquired a moral reprieve – at least for a time. As late as 1819, however, a Lord Chancellor, misapplying his virtue in the best tradition, stated in the House of Lords: 'There could not be a more false humanity than over-humanity with regards to persons afflicted with insanity'.

Dr Jones's latest book carries on the story from the great reform of the nineteenth century, Lord Shaftesbury's Lunacy Act of 1845. It seemed, in that year, as if a new chapter in the care and treatment of the insane had begun. The principle was established that the welfare of this minority must be the respon-

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sibility of the community as a whole, and a national administrative body was set up. But the course of social history is as devious as most men's lives. In our own day we have seen gains in social maturity speedily undermined by the agents of regression, and have learnt to recognise the enemy by the height of his principles. Lawyers were the saboteurs of Shaftesbury's reforms. Their manifest anxiety about the liberty of the subject served to screen less honourable motives. The locked doors of the new monumental asylums shut in the chronically ill, and the stigma of certification shut out incipient sufferers in need of treatment. The shame and secrecy investing madness were reinforced.

The Lunacy Act of 1890 represented the triumph of legalism, to use Dr Jones's phrase; but since then the course of reform has been influenced more and more by the medical profession, voluntary associations, and organised social workers. The achievements of this latter period are impressive. The mentally ill, no longer termed insane, are now encouraged to seek treatment in hospitals or out-patient clinics at the earliest onset of disease; compulsory powers are used rarely and without recourse to magistrates. Whenever possible, treatment is given within the community, and local authorities are charged with prevention, care and after-care. Mental defectives, belatedly recognised as a group distinct from the insane, have been removed from workhouses and asylums and are given proper care. In their case, too, institutional treatment is a last resort, and efforts are made to fit them into the community. A National Health Service, the responsibility of a Minister of Health, provides this care and treatment free, for rich and poor alike.

The present system is extraordinarily complex, and Dr Jones ends her book with an admirably clear account of its administrative tangles and anomalies. Sustaining to the last page that flat, objective prose which has become the accepted token of a sociologist's mental health, she acknowledges calmly that the solutions of 1959 will not be final. But this untranquil reader, left boggling at the dimensions of the machinery now needed to handle the mental breakdown of his fellows, has had his balance disturbed. He found himself wondering anxiously what proportion of the national resources is being spent on research into the causes of mental disorder; and the wild thought came to him that some political party or other might be led to question, discuss, and argue about the basic structure of a society that sends so many of its citizens off their heads.

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25s. SECKER & WARBURG

Second-best Society

The Condition of England. By C. F. G. MASTERMAN. *Methuen.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

What is wrong with modern society? Charles Masterman asked this question in a book first published in 1909 which went through several editions within two years and is now re-issued. His essay has lost none of its freshness and has a fascinating relevance to the England of today. Many of the great issues which will have a place in the history of the last decade – the uneasy juxtaposition of public penury and private ostentation, the unequal distribution of wealth, the striving after grandeur of little England and the menace to social stability of a science accelerating beyond the bounds of control – are discussed here with remarkable discernment. To see these same problems through the eyes of an author writing over 50 years ago is to realise that social change is much slower than we often assume and that one generation's victories over deprivation, greed, prejudice and selfishness are but the local victories of a battle which shows no sign of ending. Masterman's virtue was that he appreciated the importance of committing yourself to the battle, without losing sight of what it is you want to achieve and even if history taught you not to expect final victory.

Born into an evangelical family in 1873, he took a first in Natural Science and then in Moral Science at Cambridge and in 1900 became a Fellow of Christ's College. He was a successful author and journalist, editing *Commonwealth* and serving as literary editor and critic on the *Daily News* and the *Nation*. In 1906 he became Liberal MP for North West Ham and later for Bethnal Green. In 1908 Asquith appointed him a junior Minister and he held various posts in the next few years, including that of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He was a close friend of Lloyd George and played an important part in launching the National Health Insurance Scheme of 1911. Early in 1914 he was elevated to the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster but in those days such promotion had to be 'approved' by a man's constituency and by ill luck Masterman failed at two by-elections. He was compelled to resign in 1915. In the following years his career gradually lost impetus and he died in 1927, in his early fifties.

The *Condition of England* was written as well as published when Masterman was a member of the Government and yet it is free of pretence, pomposity and cynicism. To judge by his wife's biography, he had reacted impatiently to his first taste of the powerlessness of a junior Minister to initiate social reform and this was one way of expressing his exasperation and vision. He called on a wide knowledge of social affairs, history, literature and religion to describe the ills of Edwardian England and to show that idealism had to be reconciled with reality if there was to be any hope of true social progress. In a sense he seemed to be seeking a philosophy to resolve a personal conflict. Beatrice Webb said of him, 'In theory he is a collectivist, by instinct an anarchic individualist'.

The book describes the conditions and attitudes of the ruling, middle and working-classes; the sweated labour of the cities, the impoverishment of the countryside, and the doubtful contributions of science, literature and religion to progress. Masterman gradually builds up an indictment all the more devastating for its recognition of social strengths as well as weaknesses and its sympathy for human shortcomings. His conclusion about poverty is unflinching:

> Ten millions, disinherited, out of a doubtful forty, shiver through their lives on the verge of hunger: to the bulk of the remainder existence presents no certain joys, either in a guaranteed prosperity or in any serviceable and illuminating purpose of being

Yet he can assert the compensations that life provides:

> It is a pageant, the pageant of the moment which passes and yet abides, ever old and ever young. It delights in the old road, the same flowers. It accepts the winds whispering that 'there never was a yesterday and never will be a tomorrow' . . . For this sunshine is life – riotous, confident, unashamed.

This is a kid-glove Orwell, not so strident nor so truculent, perhaps, but with the same passionate concern for humanity and almost the same eloquent understanding of national character and culture.

Masterman condemned the gospel of the Second Best. In the first years of this century we had, instead of social reform, a variable and random philanthropy; instead of justice a compromise between cruelty and kindliness; instead of a progressive culture an island of conspiring Pharisees; instead of impassioned debate a placid friendliness. He advanced the unusual and exhilarating view that socialism was likely to have more, not less, appeal once the masses obtained economic security. One wishes he could have made more use of the telling example or statistic but on the whole he wrote with assurance and perception about the labouring and ruling classes and faltered only when he came to the middle-classes. Sometimes he miscalculated likely developments, as with population growth and the electorate's reaction to a future trade depression, but more often his prophecies were shrewd. He was right, for example, about the control of tuberculosis and of other diseases, about many of the changes in the conditions of employment and about the importance of the invention of the aeroplane.

This is an endlessly provoking essay, discriminating, finely judged, a valuable interpretation of an industrial society in process of change, preserving, as it does, an extraordinary balance between the attractions of past, present and future. Would that we could find someone as intelligent to appraise our own discontent!

PETER TOWNSEND

W. K. Jordan's *The Charities of London, 1480-1660: The Aspirations and the Achievements of the Urban Society* has just been published by Allen & Unwin (45*s.*).

Of Ships and Men

History of the Second World War: Volume III, Part 1, The War at Sea. By S. W. ROSKILL. *HMSO*. 45*s*.

The Navy at War, 1939-1945. By S. W. ROSKILL. *Collins*. 30*s*.

Someone had Blundered. By BERNARD ASH. *Joseph*. 21*s*.

In Peril on the Sea. By DAVID MASTERS. *Cresset*. 21*s*.

During the latter part of the war, naval operations sprawled across almost every ocean and sea. Combined operations in the Mediterranean, the developing counter attack against the Japanese in the Pacific, continuous fighting in the Arctic, U-boat hunting in the Indian ocean, the convoy struggle in the Atlantic – all these were mounting to their tremendous peaks. It is not, therefore, surprising that Captain Roskill has had to give up his original plan of completing his history in this new volume and has instead stopped short at 31 May 1944. What is surprising is that out of these widespread and sometimes complicated operations, he has been able to present a pattern in which all the various strands are interwoven and from which a clear picture of the whole emerges. His secret is that, first, he has the technical knowledge and experience to understand his subject thoroughly and, second, he can write. He makes the technical details simple and lights them with occasional shafts, such as a seaman's sudden shout at the moment of danger, so that, throughout, the reader can feel himself to be in the operations room at Admiralty and on a warship's bridge at the same time. This volume, like its predecessors, is not just an official history to be stowed away on the shelves of maritime museums. It is a living documentary.

Unhappily the general reader may find four volumes too bulky and too pricey; partly for that reason, Captain Roskill has also written a single volume, covering all the war years, but restricted for the most part to the operations of the Royal and Dominion navies. Because, even in this comparatively limited sphere, he has needed to compress, the bare bones sometimes show through; yet the book is still fascinating.

Mr Bernard Ash's book is not. It describes the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* in the Gulf of Siam, a story so appallingly disastrous that it can stand on its own. But Mr Ash chooses not only to pad it out with the early histories of the two ships but also to give it a new slant with gimmicks. He has spent much time searching out survivors and may originally have had the idea of describing the action in vivid, human terms through the eyes of men who took part in it. What in fact he has done, however, is to write a formal account and then allow individuals to pop in and out of it haphazardly. These incursions and excursions do not liven the story or help it on. They distract from it. This great story should have been left to tell itself.

That goes, too, for the stories in *In Peril on the Sea*. Mr David Masters, also looking for a gimmick, has searched Lloyd's records and picked from them some of the more remarkable exploits of individual merchant seamen during the war. He has found a ship's carpenter who held out his hand as shark-bait so that the shark could be pulled into a lifeboat as food for starving survivors. He has found a young cadet who broke into a tanker's blazing magazine and so saved his ship from destruction. Such stories need no dressing up; but the author is not capable of writing simply. His opening sentence runs:

> There was nothing unusual about the *Gairsoppa* except her name, and, unusual as it sounds to Western ears, it was anything but strange to the little brown men, lean and tough as whipcord, who sweated out their days manhandling the cargo that came along in her to the sun-drenched ports of India in those dark days of 1941 when the fate of the United Kingdom and the whole British Empire was in the melting pot of war.

Mr Masters manages to maintain this average of six clichés to a sentence; and, in consequence, the stories die in his hands.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Efficacy of Lol Shrob

Memoirs of William Hickey. Edited by PETER QUENNELL. *Hutchinson*. 42*s*.

When William Hickey's Memoirs were first published – four sizeable volumes appeared spasmodically between 1913 and 1925 – the reading public was delighted, a little shocked and somewhat incredulous. Nobody had ever heard mention before of this dashing Irish attorney, who had apparently enjoyed a long, flamboyant and rather improbable career in full view of eighteenth-century London and Calcutta. None of his contemporaries seemed to have noticed him; his portrait was strangely unprocurable; and his story read more like some picaresque adventure by Fielding or Smollett than genuine autobiography. No wonder that doubts were cast on Hickey's very existence. But the sceptics were soon routed. Old Anglo-Indians rushed to the assistance of Alfred Spencer, the first editor, with corroborative evidence of Hickey's Calcutta period; the India Office consulted its old files with happy results; and the old St Pancras Register of Burials indicated that he died in 1830 at the age of 80 – not a bad age for a man who had spent 30 years of his life in a deadly climate and had treated all his ailments with copious doses of Lol Shrob, as he liked to call his claret in Hindustani. It has since been discovered that William Hickey's portrait can be seen in the National Gallery of Ireland, where it had previously been wrongly attributed: and Mr Quennell shows for good measure a photograph of the actual massive vellum folio of 742 pages in which Hickey recorded his life up to 1810 'for my own amusement.'

By his account Hickey's early years were entirely spent in tearing high spirits, reckless extravagance and one long round of dissipation: and in old age he recalled all his profligate misdeeds with relish. 'Alas! I never possessed a single grain of self-command or control over my passions,' he proffers as his excuse. His father was a prosperous London solicitor who had intended his son for the family business; but as soon as he left Westminster School young William got at the till and started dispensing the firm's money on wine and women. Packed off to Madras as a cadet in the East India Company, he disliked that place, sailed on to Canton, had a Chinese prostitute literally *en passant*, and returned to London to plague his father, misappropriate more cash, and pass another four years having all the liveliest girls who were to be had and in glorious jollifications with Lol Shrob. Jamaica was his next destination as an attorney, but again he refused to function and found no pretty girls; so the bad penny sailed back to London for more high jinks.

Bang! Bang!

FROM TIME TO TIME somebody explodes on paper against newspaper critics and criticism; almost always an offended writer, painter, film director or other vulnerable creator. This battle is historic, perpetual and bloody—sometimes literally so—like the Wars of the Roses and the War of the Sexes.

Perfectly natural and absolutely excellent. It releases adrenalin and teaches the critics a lesson . . . Whenever the running fight breaks out anew my *first* instinct, I must say, is to side with the artist against the professional marksman —though with melancholy, for it is like watching a duel between an eager young lover and a cruel Sir Jasper.

But first sympathies tend to wilt a bit when the first furious shots have been fired. Sir Jasper, as often as not, is seen to be aiming at his opponent's legs. And the offended painter, novelist or singer, skipping frantically to and fro, makes perhaps such extravagant claims for his sanctity as an artist that we suddenly realise that the critic can be an artist, too—with duties to his public which are not simply those of a reverent thumb index.

Who, seriously, denies that? Do all the readers of The Observer, for instance (would you?) regard its critical pages as a Baedeker to the books they intend to read, the plays they ought to see? If so, then half the thinking world is a better man than me. I read reviews to know what's going on, to show some spark of consciousness among daunting strangers and at home . . . and for the sheer happy hell of it.

Take Maurice Richardson, watching and commenting on the T.V. screen. Is he unfair? Sometimes, inevitably. But do not the involutions of his mind and the flicker of his wit give far more to the enjoyment of television than ever they take away? A. Alvarez, potshotting at poetry behind his blank, bland initial—you or I may not agree with his view of Yeats, but we must read him. C. A. Lejeune with her real and human understanding; Philip Toynbee with his deep, bass prose; the perceptive John Davenport on novels . . . Peter Heyworth on music—"every observation sensitive and telling" says that celebrated critic-whacker Walter Legge of The Philharmonia.

No room or time for more. But next Sunday, all the room and time in the world—if you're taking The Observer.

J.B.L.

In 1777 he made his second voyage to India – Calcutta this time, where he was lucky enough to get enrolled as an attorney to the newly appointed Supreme Court of Bengal; and for the first time in his life he began to earn his living. Two years later he dodged back to London for a final fling; had a surreptitious affair with his best friend's girl; and fell in love – as far as he was capable of such a monogamous feeling – with Charlotte Barry, a high-class 19-year-old courtesan. She was a brave girl, for she went back with him as 'Mrs Hickey' to Calcutta, where she promptly died. For the next 25 years Hickey settled down to his lucrative practice as an attorney, moving in the best Calcutta society, watching his acquaintances die off to right and left from tropical disease and medical ignorance, and sustained by the company of an Indian woman known to his friends as Fatty and an unfailing supply of Lol Shrob. When Fatty died in 1796 Lol Shrob was all he had left. Seeing that Hickey caught venereal disease at an early age and was never properly cured, and that he suffered eternally from some undiagnosed but agonising stomach trouble, he must have had the constitution of a horse.

This indomitable vitality comes out in his writing. Hickey's character is rather repulsive, his mind is petty, his morals are ignoble and his prose is pretty trite; yet he is supremely readable all the same. The stream of anecdote and reminiscence pours out of him higgledy-piggledy because he insists on recalling every item of his past as it comes to mind; and he is not doing so for our benefit but entirely for his own satisfaction. His four blue volumes well deserve their place on the shelf beside Samuel Pepys, Casanova, James Boswell and Saint-Simon.

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LONGMANS

That first issue has long been out of print; but this new edition will never take its place. Mr Quennell contributes a most sympathetic preface full of information: the text, however, has been brutally truncated. Only the first half of the Memoirs, with considerable deletions, is included, up till Charlotte's death: the later Bengal period is totally omitted. As an appetiser to whet our interest a few passages are now printed which the first editor had omitted from prudery. But these are trifles. Hickey was no prude, but he did not use four-letter words even when talking to himself; he preferred 'the seat of love', a locution not very stimulating to anyone's passions.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Skeletons in the Family Tree

Man and his Ancestry. By ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK. *Hutchinson.* 35*s.*

Numerous skulls grin at one from this book, together with odd packets of teeth, bones, pebbles and flints. These remnants, dug laboriously from the ground, provide us with our only knowledge of man's ancestry: an enigmatic story at best. For what kind of a creature is man?

Paul Géraldy said of woman that we swear to her that she is an angel, and prove to her that she is a beast. This kind of contradiction, between oath and proof, is certainly present when we think about human evolution. Mr Brodrick, it is plain, will have nothing to do with oaths. He plunges bravely into our prehistoric ossuary, and emerges clutching everything from *Gigantopithecus* to *Homo sapiens fossilis;* he brandishes wrinkled molars and the diastema, the glenoid fossa, the simian shelf, the dental arcade and the position of the foramen magnum. Diagnostic characters, all: one can tell, for instance, if the head is carried upright like a man or forward like an animal, according to how the foramen magnum is placed. But what is the functional significance of the glenoid fossa? If one knows nothing of the finer points of anatomy, the description of skull after skull easily becomes a bore. Certainly, things have changed, that is plain, certainly there seems to be a sequence of stages running from the australophithecines to the pithecanthropoids, and thence to Neanderthal man and Homo sap himself: but what is it all about?

Mr Brodrick is hardly helpful here, though he produces every skull and bony fragment that has a bearing on the subject. There are more than one imagines. He tells stories too: M. Dubois and the discovery of Java man; Davidson Black and Pekin Man; Signor Guattari and the man of Monte Circeo. He describes the veldt, and the mountains of China.

Bones are indeed dry stuff, and something else is certainly needed to make them palatable. Not that the author is content just with stories or a recital of facts. Skilfully enough, using modern methods of dating, he shows that man in his past was as various in type as he is now; and from time to time, after some tricky piece of anatomical description, he asks his favourite question, What is Man? in the hope of catching the reader with his prejudices down. He wants to make plain that it is almost impossible to single out any one feature as marking man off from his non-human forbears – except, perhaps, the ability to stand on his hindlegs. For when this happens the hands are freed to use and make tools, while speech and conceptual thought can develop at the same time.

This is all very well. But there is one thing about human evolution that Mr Brodrick has, curiously, altogether omitted, namely, that man has progressively retained infantile characters during his history. Many anatomical changes are connected with this, which are otherwise incomprehensible; there is, besides, the whole social aspect of the matter, the human infant being dependent on its parents for much longer than the infants of other primates, thus bringing about those complicated emotional reactions which are at the bottom of social life, and which made man's evolution possible. This omission goes with Mr Brodrick's utilitarian view of cannibalism – certainly, as he says himself, almost a diagnostic feature of the hominids – as being more a less a matter of economy and hygiene. All this is a pity, the assemblage of proof being painstaking and useful: man's place in nature is now evident. Still, how he got there is just as important: and a few oaths now and again would not have been amiss, even if they showed how little an angel a man really is.

FRANCIS HUXLEY.

New Novels

The Papers of Andrew Melmoth. By HUGH SYKES DAVIES. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

The Serpent and the Rope. By RAJA RAO. *Murray.* 20*s.*

The Real Silvestri. By MARIO SOLDATI. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Storyboard. By JOHN BOWEN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Pomp and Circumstance. By NOEL COWARD. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

A Trip to Parnassus. By DAVID HIGHAM. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

Doctors Wear Scarlet. By SIMON RAVEN. *Blond.* 16*s.*

Not since the great fiction floods of the middle Thirties, when it rained north-midland sagas and manhattan-speakeasy tragedies for months on end, has there been such an autumn spate. In those days of sweated hackwork the reviewing dykes were thinly manned; blurbies went under from sheer exhaustion and were swept away as Henrietta Street burst its banks to join the overflow from Paternoster Row in a great standing book-lake. Now they relieve us more often. But the strain is still great. Sermonising on the batch is out of the question. You must take these notes as they come.

I love Rats and their cunning ways. I meditate more and more often on J. B. S. Haldane's suggestion that if the human race annihilates itself there might be a possibility of the Rat, with its biological adaptability, its intelligence and social sense, evolving a civilisation of its own. This, more or less, is Mr Sykes Davies's theme: it is a very superior science-fiction fantasy with allegorical overtones. Andrew Melmoth – significantly named, I suppose, after Maturin's great neglected romantic hero – is a young zoologist working on Rats. He is insistent that they must be studied in the wild state. His marriage is in rather peculiar difficulties. He becomes increasingly fascinated by his objects of study, takes to haunting the sewers, after some impressive conversations with an old time Ratcatcher, and disappears. The story-telling is

all the more effective for being rather indirect. We seldom meet Andrew head on, but his tormented personality comes through. There is a lot of fascinating rodent-lore, scientific and mythical. I was greatly taken with *The Papers of Andrew Melmoth.*

The Serpent and the Rope is a long novel of ideas about the cultural and marital conflicts of a young high-caste Brahmin – from south India, like the author. Rama is a post-graduate student married to Madeleine, a history teacher in Aix-en-Provence. He wanders: Paris, Cambridge, Benares. An encounter with Savithri, fiancée of his childhood's friend Pratap, leads to a semi-mystical affair with her that touches off a whole train of specifically Indian religious, romantic, philosophical sensations and ideas. Madeleine, meanwhile, has become pregnant and veered towards Buddhism. Mr Rao goes on and on, rhapsodising with that marvellous verbigerative stamina which only Indians possess; but he has a delightful descriptive gift, and at least half of his thought is stimulating and non-tautologous. This book has perhaps more value as a document about the Hindu mind than as a novel, but it is well worth reading.

The Real Silvestri is one of those subtly constructed biographical novellas in which Mario Soldato specialises. The urbane philosophical narrator, a lawyer from Turin named Peyrani, re-encounters the dashing Aurora whom he had always thought to have been the hopeless grand passion of his dear dead friend Silvestri, a singularly ugly but saintly literary hack. Aurora's account of the strange evil antics of Silvestri and how he tried to blackmail her, taking advantage of her rich husband and young lover situation, throws an entirely new light on the scruffy old saint. But nothing is quite certain. Both we and Peyrani are left in just enough doubt about the truth.

The novel of advertising has become a familiar genre. Too often agency life is treated with that nervous brightness which denotes copywriter's cover-up. *Storyboard* is almost a documentary. Mr Bowen eschews the gay SW3 farce of PRO's and debs and goes for a strong sociological effect. The plot is a soap-selling campaign whose real aim is to put the competitor out of business. It turns out to be rather strong for the private lives of those concerned and the characters get a bit overshadowed by the implications; but the general picture is alarmingly lifelike.

The student of Mr Coward's fiction may remember his best short story, about a quiet visiting English playwright getting involved in a hectic week-end in Connecticut, which was very funny indeed in an exhilarating deadpan way. His first novel, *Pomp and Circumstance,* marks a regression, but is amusing and readable for those who can make the necessary ideological adjustment. The scene is a Caribbean island transplanted to the Pacific. The imbroglio concerns a vague silly beauty, Eloise, a duchess, who flies out to pursue her love affair with Bunny, a dashing White's Club type, who goes down with chicken-pox. There are comic Lesbians, one nicknamed Gunga Din, and elaborate farcical set-pieces to do with a marine pageant, while over all hangs the portentious prospect of a royal visit. It is all told in the first person by a married lady named Grizel, best friend of the Governor's wife – he, by the way, comes of an old socialist family. Mr Coward seems to have projected himself quite effortlessly on to the persona of Grizel. This is so exactly the book she would have written herself that I don't see how we can blame the cunning old Tiresian prestigidator if her opinions and general

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Weltanschauung are those of a Harrods pincushion. It is undeniably entertaining even if it goes on for rather too long. It will warm many a home-counties shopping basket.

A Trip to Parnassus is a carefully planned study of a literary hoax. Cabinet minister's speech-mention of dead Welsh poet catches on and he starts to sell. His drunken crime-reporter friend cashes in forging letters and more poems. There are scenes in publisher's offices and set pieces at parties, some amusing dialogue and a great deal of factual description, some of it too detailed. The reader rather misses any fixed focus of identification. Mr Higham must have attended the accouchement of many less promising first novels. I wonder if he takes ten per cent of his own royalties.

I hesitate to advise a course of self-discipline to such a passionate nature as Mr Raven's for fear he might cut himself in two with the scourge; but some adjustment is needed if he is to make the best of his considerable gifts. *Doctors Wear Scarlet* starts most promisingly. The background to the young Cambridge archaeologist Richard's strange behaviour in Greece is certainly excellent. The college scenes, and the characterisations of the two dons, the sinister Dr Walter Goodrich, supreme fixer of the academic racket, and Marc Honeydew, the bright beady-eyed queer, are up to the highest standard. But when the expedition in search of Richard arrives in the Greek islands there is a terrible let-down. Vampirism, even when supplied with insight into the underlying psychopathological motivation, simply will not do in 1960. Mr Raven must give up this habit of suddenly turning in front of our eyes into a kind of intellectual's Dennis Wheatley.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

MURIEL SPARK

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'Her ear for dialogue is superb.'

Yorkshire Post
'Brilliantly, incisively drawn. This clever and wryly comic novel'.

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A Look at the Unions

The Bargainers. By GEORGE CYRIAX and ROBERT OAKESHOTT. *Faber.* 21*s.*

There may no longer be two nations here but there remains a surprising gulf between people who are familiar with industry and with trade unions and those who are not, surprising since the country still leans rather heavily on its industrial processes for prosperity. The gulf, as we know, accounts for the more fatuous anti-union attacks on the one hand, and for the over-praising of mediocre novels or films which treat industrial life on the other. To large sections of the British public a rolling mill is more exotic than the Congo. But ignorance is, perhaps, inevitable; what is less excusably so is judgment which has its roots deep in incomprehension.

This survey of modern trade unionism would be a good place for people who feel themselves ignorant to struggle into the light, especially since it is written by members of the staff of the *Economist* and the *Financial Times*, two journals not exactly in the van of the workers' campaign. It has a bias, inevitably. 'Perhaps the moment has come for the Liberals, not Labour, to take on the job of putting forward a reasonable progressive answer to Conservatism', write the authors, injecting the word Liberal much as cagey scientists once did the word God.

These doctrinaire lapses apart, however, this is a thoughtful and well-informed study of the trade unions in the Sixties, a period which the movement is bound to find critical. What is particularly valuable about it is the authors' understanding of the realities of power within industry and within individual factories. They recognise that management inevitably attaches greater value to agreements than the worker, and that this reflects no discredit on the latter. They find the grave and sensational view taken of strikes by the press an exaggerated one, appreciating that strikes may arise as much from the behaviour of management as any other source. They are properly critical of the notion that agitators create industrial strife. Agitators can only be effective in situations which have already deteriorated almost to the point of crisis. So gross have been recent misrepresentations of certain trade union activity, that one finds oneself absurdly delighted to read – something which everyone should know – that workers in industry have to work hard and long hours for their wages, and that they still have a struggle in many industries to gain reasonable conditions of work and reward, and some say in a factory's affairs.

A sympathetic portrait is presented of the kind of men who offer themselves for trade union work, many of them men who still see themselves lubricating 'the engines of social morality', which the unions have so powerfully been, but which, on the authors' reading of social change, they can no longer so much consider themselves.

This may be true. Perhaps the unions will indeed provide 'their members with a business service rather than a moral platform'. The growth of white-collar unions, which do not affiliate themselves to the Labour Party, is clearly significant. The answer to this new problem however is scarcely to shear off the militant Left.

This study, which is academic neither in intent nor, mercifully, in style, offers useful detail of the growing power of shop stewards, and especially of its growth at the expense of the branch secretary's. This is a problem the unions are now coming to grips with, a little late in the day. The authors make valuable suggestions about fringe benefits and offer the proposition that workers who lose jobs in the cause of efficiency should be paid generously while out of work as servants of the State. The next decade is likely to bring redundancy agreements into the firing line of industrial relations. Trade unionists might even find something of value in this analysis of their position. The general reader who removes the political icing is earnestly invited to bite.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Week-end Competition

No. 1,602 **Set by Bel Paese**

The library catalogue on an Italian liner sets out short descriptions of books in English. Three examples are:

Huxley, A. *Bravo New World.* An examination of new and impending medical discoveries in 1932.

Wain, John. *Hurry on Down.* Sinking man still hopeful.

Cary, Joyce. *The Horse's Mouth.* Artist looks life in face.

The usual prizes are offered for similar encapsulations of three of: *Mourning Becomes Electra, The Naked and the Dead, The Journal of a Disappointed Man, Ulysses, The Loved One, Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, The Hidden Persuaders.* Entries by 15 November.

Result of No. 1,599 **Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation (limit 150 words) on the Wolfenden Report, in which one speaker thinks the subject is the Report on Sport, while the other thinks it is that on Prostitution and Homosexuality.

Report

Alas, this proved to be a singularly unwise competition. It was also often a very funny one. The trouble was that, based as they had to be on the *double entendre*, the funnier the entries were the less printable they became. A number of extremely ingenious competitors must therefore accept our apologies; and some of the prizewinners must forgive us for bowdlerising them. To the competitors whose entries appear below a guinea each.

What do you think about all this money being spent on amateurs?

I must say that I didn't read that in the report. But it's certainly made the game tough for professionals.

Not really. They've got their own resources; very highly paid most of them are too.

But they've got to play for safety all along the line.

Don't worry. We'll always have them. We must keep up with other countries. Wolfenden's seen the red light.

Good heavens! You don't mean state control? The public would never stand for it.

Nothing so drastic. Just getting together men with a common interest and encouraging them.

Look, old man, I'm sure he didn't say encourage.

Well he meant it. And I'd rather spend money on that than H-bombs.

The lesser of two evils. You may be right. But *I* didn't get that out of the report.

VERA TELFER

I don't think we do nearly enough of it in this country.

You surely can't mean that you want your son and daughter to indulge in such activities?

Why ever not? They have always been

extremely keen at school, and taken part vigorously at every opportunity. They must get that bursting energy out of their systems somehow.

But it will be the ruin of this country as it was of the Greeks!

Nonsense, the Greeks led the world in it as our country has done until lately. I should like to see the authorities spend far more on facilities for improving our proficiency in these matters; my husband and I have always been enthusiasts ourselves, believing that Nature intends our bodies to be properly and enjoyable exercised.

MONICA SHERWOOD

It is of course indoor facilities that we need so badly in England. Outdoors, and wearing next to nothing in our climate, well, it's just not good enough. I mean, there are the girls to be considered too.

They seem to have found their own indoor facilities, from what I have heard of it. I am simply flabbergasted by your suggestion that the ratepayers should be expected to subsidise their activities.

But why not? There are still too many of these scantily attired enthusiasts plodding along our streets after dark because they have nowhere better to go.

J. A. LINDON

. . . and even in old-time sports like venery, the attitude has changed.

Yes, the so-called amateurs have queered the pros' pitch. They claim to play for love, but they see that they get their expenses.

Money ruins a game . . . Take leg-theory, take body-line, take the Wolves –

The wolves, surely, can look after themselves: it's the decent youngsters we must protect.

Quite. You must get the young players out of the alleys and backyards into comfortable accommodation and reliable equipment. Give the boys a free hand, when they're old enough, so long as they play in private and don't charge for admission. The game wasn't intended as a public spectacle.

True, we don't want a nation of voyeurs and exhibitionists like France, where there are already more watchers than performers, apparently.

Of course, there's the problem of TV rights . . .

A. M. ROBERTSON

Think of it. More facilities in the right places, of the right kind, with dressing rooms, showers, and all. Just what we've all been wanting. Although, mind you, I'm not in favour of feather-bedding our youngsters.

But there's no suggestion in the report of *maisons tolérées* . . .

Don't know them. But Maison Lyons might do the catering at the proposed new clubs. Anyway, the committee realises that the street's no longer good enough.

But what's the good of cleaning up the streets if you're only going to . . . ?

Exactly. More facilities elsewhere. That's the answer. Of course, they shirk the whole issue of amateurism.

There's evidence that the amateurs are beating the professionals at their own game.

That's a typically English attitude, if I may say so . . .

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

CITY LIGHTS: *Taurus is abroad.*

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The land is so full of water that many farming activities are at a standstill. As I walk through the orchard there sounds beneath my feet the sucking and squelching one expects from a bog. Agronomists have a term which describes the moisture state of a soil after a period of drainage following rain: a piece of land is said to be at 'field capacity' when it is holding all the water it can against the force of gravity. During an average summer/autumn in most parts of Britain the soil is never at field capacity. Water is lost – by evaporation from the surface to which it has been drawn by capillary action and by transpiration from the green parts of plants to which it is translocated from the roots – faster than it is gained in dews and rainfall.

Since the field capacity condition, or one short of it by a quantity of water expressed as one inch of rainfall, is ideal for crop growth, especially for that of the grass we live on, it is true to say that much of Britain suffers from a chronic water shortage. It is accepted that if we would irrigate our farm and garden land, notably pasture, we could substanially increase the product of our land. It is not only the capital cost which stops us; it is shortage

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For details of the new THIS ENGLAND see p.683

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of water. It is true that as I write, and very often during any winter, the land is above field capacity because drainage is not keeping pace with rainfall. But the surplus water runs to waste and the spring is rare when we start the farming year at or above field capacity.

There were no correct long-term forecasts of the summer and autumn weather. Forecasting in Britain has a high degree of accuracy but only for an extremely limited period, say 48 hours. Folk forecasting was no better, if only because, at least in south-east England, it no longer exists.

No folk-science has ever vanished so quickly as that of weather prophecy. Ask the oldest inhabitant sitting over a pint what weather we can expect tomorrow, and he refers not to the flight of swallows or the pain in his big toe joint, but to the latest TV forecast. Nor, without a cautious preliminary 'They say . . .' will he assert that many berries foretell a hard winter, which they don't.

But still one superstition persists in the face of the evidence, not only in the countryside but in the city, and especially among the Fleet Street humorists: it is that Britain has a comically wet climate. This immortal joke is not supported by the meteorological figures. The Mean Annual Rainfall figures for south-western England, for example, are closely comparable with those for western France down to and below Bordeaux. The MAR in my garden is 26 inches; on my friend's near Dijon, 28. Parts of Essex have less than 18, parts of the Champagne more than 25. By and large, over the whole country, we have barely enough rain.

The indestructible legend of England's excessive wetness has done much harm. It veils the truth that a relatively short term of rainless days entails an official drought and water restrictions in many counties. Unless something is done soon to rationalise water-conservation, the shortage will become acute. It's a pity because water is our most valuable natural resource. A few years ago, at the suggestion of Mr Roy Hay, an experiment was started in many parts of the country by gardeners to discover what difference would be made to garden crops by scientifically controlled irrigation. 'Irrigation need' is fairly exactly calculable. It is that quantity of irrigation water required to maintain a given soil under a given crop at the optimum soil moisture state, field capacity or a little below, at a given time of year.

Once calculated, soil moisture deficit is steadily made good, taking current rainfall into account but not waiting for it. The results of this experiment were not merely gratifying: they were startling. They showed that controlled irrigation – not just hit and miss watering – can smooth out the plant-growth curve to a steady climb. The weight of most, not all, crops, and their health, were significantly increased. Market gardeners know the value of irrigation and moreover use their 'rainers' to spread fertiliser in solution. Overhead irrigation has tended to supersede trickle-irrigation since it was discovered that plants take in water and nutrients through their leaves. Most amateurs not only fail to irrigate rationally, they cannot do so: water restrictions prevent them just when water is most needed on the land.

The Chess Board

No. 573. Do It Yourself

Unless I happened to like doing it I would do nothing myself, so long as I could conveniently get someone else to do it for me. But then, that current craze may well have its simple explanation in the fact that people do like doing whatever they prefer to do themselves. When looking for guidance in our game and its astonishing faculty for symbolising facets of human nature and trends of human behaviour we find a marked preference for opposite principles such as the team spirit and the division of labour. Yet, there's no rule without exception, and here's a most amusing case in point, a position (Privorotzko-Bykova, USSR 1960) from *Shakmaty*: /7k/pp4p1/8/Q6p/6b1/P4p1q/1P2pP1P / 3rR1RK/. By 1) . . . Q-B8 the lady champion burned her bridges, leaving White no alternative but 2) Q-K5 with a fair chance of perpetual check. Black played . . . QxQR; and the Black King, what with all his warriors far away in the enemy camp, was now quite on his own and forced to fend for himself. He did most valiantly:

3) Q-K8 ch, K-R2. 4) Q-K4 ch, K-R3; 5) Q-KB4 ch, K-Kt3; 6) Q-K4 ch, K-B3; 7) Q-KB4 ch, K-K3; 8) Q-QB4 ch, K-Q3; 9) Q-KB4 ch, K-Q4; 10) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B5; 11) Q-KB4 ch, K-K6; 12) Q-KB7 ch, K-B7; 13) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B8; 14) Q-Kt5 ch, K-K8; and White resigned.

Now, just for a change, and so as to remember the rule rather than the exception, here's a pretty example glorifying that very team spirit we like to see in our game. I took the position (Gudmundsson-Gilfer, Iceland 1927) from K. Richter's column in *Schach*. /6k1/2p4p/4b1p1/4Pp2/1B1p1P2/1P2b1P1/r3B2P/1R3K2/.

1) . . . P-Kt4!; 2) PxP, P-B5!!; 3) PxP, P-Q6!!!; 4) BxP, B-R6 ch; 5) K-K1, B-B7 ch; 6) K-Q1, B-Kt5 ch, etc.

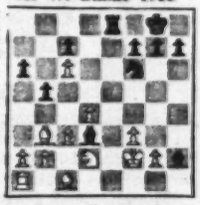
But since my headline, this week, isn't devoted to the team spirit we'd better get back to "do it yourself", and here (Teschner-Stahlberg, 1955) it's the White QB doing all the work. /2r2k2/3r1b1p/p2P4/1p1B1p1P/1PktB1P2/8/P5R1/4R1K1/.

1) B-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1; 2) B-B6 ch, K-B1; 3) B-K7 ch, K-K1; 4) B-Kt5 ch, K-B1; 5) B-R6 mate.

And here finally is another Bishop doing all the work on his own while his colleague, acting as silent partner, gives him some indispensable support. (Feuerstein-Mednis, 1956, reported in P. Schlensker's *Schach-Echo* column). /6k1/3b1p1p/3b2p1/3B4/5P2/p5P1/1R3K1P/8/. Being offered a draw White refused and played R-Kt7. A horrible blunder, causing immediate resignation after . . . B-B3!. Alas, R-R7 won't do. That other Bishop won't permit it.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White could well have made up for his retarded development by Kt-K4. But, loath to give up his plus-pawn, White guarded against the threatened Rook - check by the retrogressive B-Q1. He was promptly punished by a move forcing immediate resignation. For 6 & 7 ladder-points, **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win, are very pretty, and not too difficult, I hope. Usual prizes. Entries by 14 November.

A: W. Bialas 1953



B: A. Wotava 1960: /1k6/1Pp5/2p4B/K3p3/2P2p2/6p1/KtP6/6b1/.

C: T. B. Gorgiev: /6Kt1/kt7/3kkt3/K7/6Kt1/16/4B3/.

REPORT on No. 570. Set 15 October

A: 1) . . Q-KR4; 2) R-B8 ch, K-R2; 3) R-R8 ch, KxR; 4) KtxP ch.

B: 1) Q-B7 ch, K-B1; 2) Q-K8 ch, K-Kt2; 3) Q-Q7 ch, K-Kt1; 4) K-Kt6 etc. Or 3) . . . K-R3; 4) Q-Kt5 ch etc.

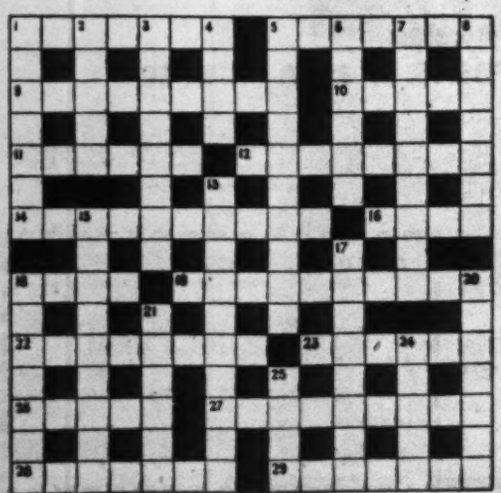
C: 1) P-Q4 ch, K-B5 (best); 2) Kt-B5, Q-R4; 3) R-Kt3!, P-R6; 4) K-R5, P-R3; 5) P-R4, Q-Q7; 6) Kt-K6 ch, K-K5; 7) Kt-Kt5 ch, KxP; 8) Kt-B3 ch etc.

Prizes: G. Abrahams, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. M. Kennedy, J. Mitchell, R. T. Waterfield. 46 ladder-decade: 1, C. H. Brown (853); 2, E. Allan (796); 3, W. H. L. Brooking (790); 4, M. P. Furmston (746). They go back to scratch. While I am abroad (until mid-December) entries to be forwarded in time, must reach the office Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 430

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 430, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 15 November.



ACROSS

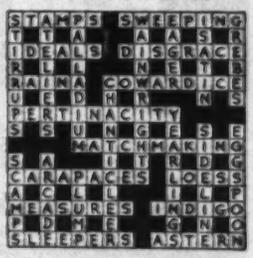
1. Perhaps I ferret for something in the wood (7).
5. Ashamed the woman is in a wicked environment (7).
9. Fresh watering from sap and timber (9).
10. Dots mark nearly all of the settlement (5).
11. A choice of nothing in the can after work (6).
12. The foot a relative has in a home (8).
14. Pinch a piece for the curb (10).
16. Deity without a stimulus (4).
18. The Roman to return thanks in company (4).
19. Driver who has to be encouraging about a disturbance of the peace (10).
22. Tough guys go in to examine the violent (8).
23. Agreement as forwarded (6).
26. Inquire about nothing in front of a king (5).
27. Worker for CD in the American HQ (9).
28. Sloth-like knight with unfinished story (7).
29. Mike was first but walked feebly (7).

DOWN

1. Litters a long way above the lines (7).
2. Repel a rising swelling (5).
3. Blames for half the repair on the coverings (8).
4. Eat up a woman (4).
5. Place famous in war finished with people above the ranks (10).
6. Agree to unusual pact with Church of England (6).
7. He carried round a measure for a drug (9).
8. Meant the negative in action (7).
13. Perhaps he can claim by force of habit (10).
15. Part of the frame for a letter on an artist (9).
17. Cooks the beef in a piece of broken pot (8).
18. A change of air in the grotto provides a delicacy (7).
20. 'He is ——— as noontide dew' (Wordsworth) (7).
21. Communicate with the devil on cunning (6).
24. Praise in the next old boys' match (5).
25. Pattern of worry (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 428


STAMPS SWEEPING
T T A A S R
IDEALS DISGRACE
R L L N E T B
RAINA COWARDICE
U E D H R N S
PERTINACITY
S S U N G E S E
MATCHMAKING
S A I T R D G
CARAPACES LOESS
A C L L I L P
MEASURES INDIGO
P D M E G N O
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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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It is hard to imagine a more varied teaching career than that which the R.A.F. has to offer. An Education Officer may teach general subjects at R.A.F. stations at home or abroad, or give more specialised instruction up to degree standard at R.A.F. Colleges and Schools. Selected officers receive post-graduate training in electronics, aerodynamics, and guided weapon theory.

The main requirement is for men and women under 39 with degrees in mathematics, science or engineering, or good technological qualifications and experience. A few vacancies exist for Arts graduates and for those recognised by the Ministry of Education as qualified teachers. Service is normally for 16 years leading to a pension of at least £455 a year and a minimum tax-free gratuity of £1,365. There are also shorter terms of service offering a tax-free gratuity. R.A.F. service qualifies for Burnham increments.

Write for further information giving your date of birth and qualifications to:

Air Ministry M.9 (YX 760), Adastral House, London, W.C.1.

TODAY'S TOP JOB IS THE R.A.F.

TUTOR in ECONOMICS and TUTOR in SOCIAL and ECONOMIC HISTORY or SOCIOLOGY and SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY, or COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT required for KIVUKONI ADULT RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE, Dar es Salaam, (Principal: Colin Leys, MA), opening June 1961 on lines similar to Ruskin College, Oxford. Knowledge of problems of underdeveloped areas and/or experience of adult education required. Salary not less than £1,200 per annum, contract. Further particulars from Principal, Ruskin College, Oxford, or Secretary, Tanganyika Education Trust Fund, PO Box 1976, Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika. Closing date for applications 18 December 1960.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

TEMPORARY ASSISTANT LECTURER IN GOVERNMENT

Applications are invited for a temporary Assistant Lectureship in Government in the Department of Political Theory and Government. The appointment will be for a period of two years. Salary on the scale £800 – £950 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience. FSSU benefits and family allowances.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics (six copies) must be received not later than 12 Nov. 1960.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from qualified women preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, for posts of Child Care Officer in Swindon and Trowbridge. Salary within the scale of £665 to £975. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 12 Nov. 1960.

EXPD Woman Club Leader aged 27-35 reqd to work as member of staff team. Mixed Youth Club and Senior Groups. Social Science qualifications advantage. Application: General Secretary, YMCA, East Acton, W3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
County Health Department
Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited from QUALIFIED PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS for appointments in the above Service. Other staff include two Consultant Children's Psychiatrists; a non-medical Psychotherapist; and Educational Psychologists who work in this Service as well as in the Schools Psychological Service. Secretarial assistance is provided. Diagnostic and treatment sessions are held at various Clinics and close co-operation exists with two County Council Hostels for maladjusted children, which facilitates continuity of treatment.

Salary £740 p.a. – £1,000 p.a., and service conditions according to Whitley Council recommendations. (Two Saturday mornings off duty a month). Superannuation. Car allowance; assisted car purchase scheme. Canvassing disqualifies.

Particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF DERBY

(amended advertisement)

SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER, qualified and experienced for responsible post, mainly local authority adoption work including placing. Salary £960 – £1,140 (APT III).

Minimum qualifications Degree, Social Science/Child Care Certificate. Post superannuable, conditions in accordance with NJC for local authorities APT & C services. Subject to satisfactory medical history. Write stating age, education, qualifications, experience, names of two referees to Children's Officer, Council House, Derby, by 15 November 1960.

N. S. FISHER, Town Clerk.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF DERBY

(amended advertisement)

MALE CHILD CARE OFFICER required, mainly welfare work with boys.

Qualifications: Degree, Social Science/Child Care, teaching/certificate. Post superannuable, conditions in accordance with NJC for local authorities APT & C services. Subject to satisfactory medical history. Salary £665/£975 according to experience and qualifications.

Write stating age, education, qualifications, experience, names of two referees to Children's Officer, Council House, Derby by 15 November 1960.

N. S. FISHER, Town Clerk.

CITY OF LEICESTER CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Appointment of Child Care Officer

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer. Salary within the scale £665-£975 per annum.

The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of child care, including Court work, adoptions, preventive work and boarding-out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding county. The appointment is pensionable and subject to a satisfactory medical examination.

Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 18 November 1960.

SOKE OF PETERBOROUGH COUNTY COUNCIL

St Nicholas Children's Home
(Reception and Short Stay)

HOUSE MOTHER with previous experience and/or training required after Christmas to take charge of the above home which accommodates 16 boys & girls from the age of 2 years upwards. Application form and further details including particulars of relief and assistant staff can be obtained from the Children's Officer, Station Chambers, St Leonard's St, Peterborough. Salary according to JAC scale.

ERIC P. SMITH,
Clerk of the County Council.

Amended Advertisement

POWICK HOSPITAL, NEAR WORCESTER
(1,000 beds)

2 SOCIAL WORKERS with Degree or Social Science Diploma required. Progressive hospital four miles Malvern/Worcester with full range of therapeutic activities including OP Clubs and hostel for patients employed locally. Salary £515 (at age 27) rising to £785 p.a.

Applications to Med. Supt, who will be glad to supply further information.

DAME Alice Owen's Girls' School, Owen's Row, EC1. Required as soon as possible a qualified Mistress to help with advanced level zoology classes Monday afternoons and Thursday mornings. Apply at once to the Headmistress, 353 St John Street, EC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YORK 'A' AND TADCASTER HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER in the York Mental Service. This well-established and still developing service is run jointly by the Hospital Management Committee and the City of York Health Dept. The post includes an interesting range of work with in-patients, out-patients, community care and after care. The service is an integral part of the Naburn and Bootham Park Hospital and therefore there is psychiatric support and consultation in all cases.

More detailed information may be had from the Senior Psychiatric Social Worker at the Mental Health Centre, 24 St Saviourgate, York, and prospective candidates are welcome to see round the departments. Salary scale £740 x (£25(2) x £30(7) to £1,000 per annum, Whitley Council conditions of service.

Applications stating age, education, experience, qualifications and names of two referees to Group Secretary, Bootham Park, York.

ESSEX

Stanford-le-Hope Youth Centre

Applications are invited for the post of WARDEN of this Centre which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities for over 600 members.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Teaching Certificate or Diploma Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership and must have had experience in Youth work.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scale for Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Further details and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 16 November 1960.

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LIMITED require ASSISTANT SCRIPT EDITOR, 25/40, with working knowledge of the medium. Able assess and report on drama scripts. Knowledge of negotiating writers' fees an advantage.

Write fully, stating age, background, experience, references etc. to Personnel Manager, ATV Ltd, 17 Great Cumberland Place, W1.

INDUSTRIAL LIBRARIAN

required at the headquarters of the C. & J. CLARK GROUP

in Somerset. Duties will be to build up a reference library, run an abstract service for management, and maintain comprehensive files of commercial intelligence. Candidates must be qualified librarians with an interest in economic affairs and industrial management problems. Age 25-30. Salary £800-£1,000.

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Call or 'phone for appointment

MAYFAIR STAFF SELECTION BUREAU,

5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1.
(opp. Dickins & Jones)

HYD. 6471.

LONDON County Council, Architect's Department. Sociologist required in Town Planning Division to work in collaboration with architects, surveyors, and other specialists on a variety of planning problems, especially in connection with neighbourhood and community studies and the planning of areas of comprehensive redevelopment. £830 to £1,250 according to experience and qualifications. Form returnable by 19 November, from Architect to Council, (EK/NS/2831/11), County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Indonesian and Malayan Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Preference will be given to candidates whose qualifications include Bahasa Indonesia. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x £95 – £A3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x £105 – £A2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applicatons close, in Australia and London, on 19 Dec. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Semitic Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x £105 – £A2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 19 December 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Anthropology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Candidates should have specialised, or be prepared to specialise, in the pre-history of South-East Asia and/or Oceania, and be able to teach elementary physical anthropology. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A13 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 Dec. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Government and Public Administration. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Some preference may be given to applicants in the fields of International Relations, Comparative Government, or Modern Political Theory, but not to the exclusion of other good applicants. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A13 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 December 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer in English. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is £1,750 per annum, rising by two annual increments of £100 and one increment of £50 to £2,000 per annum, and for a Lecturer £1,250 per annum rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applicns close in New Zealand and London, on 30 Nov. 1960

CHILD Care – Resident Housemother required at Discot, 8 North Drive, SW16, a home for special care of up to 20 girls aged 11-15 years with disturbed backgrounds. Previous experience in residential care of children desirable. Good (single) accommodation only. £393 to £635 less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. 4 weeks leave including Bank holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/NS/2699/11), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Singapore. Applications are invited for the newly instituted Chair of Political Science. Salary between £2,268 and £2,548 p.a., at fixed point determined by qualifications and experience. Allowances: expatriation £378 p.a., cost of living (temporary) in range £210 – £560 p.a. Passages for appointee, wife and children under 12 years. Partly furnished house/flat at reasonable rent. Provident Fund Scheme. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by 15 December 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Sq, WC1, from whom further partics may be obtained.

PRINCIPAL Scientific Officer: Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Pensionable post at Warren Spring Laboratory, Stevenage, Herts., for man or woman for work on Mineral Processing. Qualifications: normally 1st or 2nd Class honours degree or equivalent in mineral processing or chemistry; a knowledge of geology and administrative experience in the mineral processing industry are desirable. Both research and practical experience in the mining industry are essential. Salary scale (men) £1,600-£2,275. Starting pay may be above minimum. Salary subject to review. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley St, London, W1, for application form, quoting S/5220/60. Closing date 30 Nov. 1960.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor, in Manchester, for the Diploma Course for Teachers of the Mentally Handicapped (in Training Centres, Hospitals, or in their own homes). Applicants should have teaching or other professional experience with children, though not necessarily in the field of Mental Subnormality. Might suit someone returning from a training college. Salary: £935 plus L.W. £45. Enquiries to: The General Secretary, The National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

NATIONAL Youth Officer (Woman) required for a Voluntary Youth Organisation, working from London. Duties include giving advice to voluntary leaders throughout country on the running of groups, organisation of national leadership courses, International camps, holidays abroad, and youth activities generally. Experience of youth work and/or voluntary organisations essential. Age between 35 and 45 preferably. Good salary and expenses. Apply: Association Sec., Girls' Training Corps, 93 Great Titchfield St, W1.

BANSTEAD Hospital, Sutton, Surrey. Applications are invited for interesting post in Mother & Baby Unit. Applicants should be over 24 years of age. Shorthand and Typing required. Initiative and responsibility essential as home visiting is expected. Salary: £550 rising by annual increments to £665 per annum, plus London Weighting £30 per annum (age 26 and over). Applications stating age, experience, qualifications, and names of two referees, should be forwarded to Dr A. A. Baker, Deputy Physician Superintendent, Banstead Hospital, Sutton, Surrey.

ASSISTANT Housemother, resident, wanted in hostel in Romford for 7 working girls. Minimum salary £52 10s. monthly less value of emoluments. Suitable for older woman if interested in adolescents as physical demands not heavy. Apply: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

WARDEN (woman) required for Hostel for Blind, London. Candidates must have had good experience of this type of work, but not necessarily with blind people. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing giving full particulars to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland Street, London, W1.

GENERAL Secretary for organising the work of Wandsworth Old People's Welfare. Degree or Diploma in Social Science with practical experience. Or wide experience of Social work. Full-time clerical help. Salary £700-£800, according to Whitley award. Application form from Chairman, Wandsworth Old People's Welfare Council, 16 South Side, London, SW4.

THE National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies invites applications for the post of Finance Officer with oversight of government and voluntary funds and general office administration. A professional qualification is desirable but suitable experience of equivalent responsibility will be considered. Salary entering at an appropriate point in the range £1,015-£1,185. Contributory pension scheme. Application forms (returnable by 21 November 1960) from NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

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INSTRUCTOR in English reqd by Correspondence School. Journalistic exp. a recommendation but not essential. Write fully (in confidence), giving details of age, experience and qualifications, to Box 8311.

BUSINESS administrator for Left Wing journal. Business experience desirable. Salary according to experience. Applications in writing to Box 8407.

BILINGUAL German/English Secretary required for leading West End Art Gallery. Competent shorthand-typist, experienced secretarial work and with first-class written German. Interesting and varied work. Permanent post with good salary. Hours 9.30-6. Alternate Saturdays. Box 8272.

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GERMAN/English secretary/typist for Machinery Sales Manager. Tel. Kingsley, ABB. 3061.

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LECTURES, etc.—continued from p.716

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1. Wed. 9 Nov. at 6.30 'The Buddhist Doctrine of Karma and Rebirth' Mr Christmas Humphreys. Also Tue. 8 Nov. at the Society, Beginners Class (first of four fortnightly lessons open to all) and Sat. 12 Nov. at 3 p.m. The Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Infn. TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 6 Nov., 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Why not Nuclear Disarmament?' H. J. Blackham.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue, M. L. Burnet and J. B. Coates on 'Can Humanism Show the Way?', Conway Hall, Thurs. 10 Nov., 7.30 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 6 Nov. Dr W. E. Swinton, 'George Bernard Shaw & Evolution'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 8 Nov. J. Allen, Skinner on 'Unilateralism'.

SUNDAY 6 November at 6.30 p.m., Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. 'Is there a Quaker Social Testimony?'. Speaker: Hugh W. Mellor.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 10 Nov., 7.30. Kingsway Hall, Swami Ghanananda: 'Religion in Ancient India'.

WHAT is Real Yoga?' Public lecture, 6 Nov., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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Eta Cohen, Athol Page, Stanford Robinson, Lorraine Du Val, Andre Wolf
Particulars and application forms from The Education Department, Calverley Street, Leeds 1.
GEORGE TAYLOR
Chief Education Officer.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Environment and Society in the Atlantic Fringe' will be delivered by Professor E. E. Evans (Belfast) at 5.30 p.m. on 15, 17 and 18 November at University College [(i) Anatomy Lecture Theatre, (ii) and (iii) Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre], Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled (i) 'Spanish Medieval Music'; (ii) 'Instrumental Consorts of the Renaissance'; (iii) 'Monteverdi and the Baroque Madrigal' will be delivered by Mr Denis Stevens at 5.30 p.m. on 10, 15 and 21 November at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages. School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club. 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005 All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE following are the contents of November 'Plebs': 'Unfair to This Generation?', by Andrew Shonfield; 'Ireland and the Classical Economists', by Andrew Boyd; 'What is to Happen in Central Africa?', by Frank Horrabin; This Wicked World, by J. P. M. Millar; 'Let the Buyer Beware!', by D. Pringle; 'Jim Connell, Author of "The Red Flag"', by Andrew Boyd; 'Social Democratic Denmark', by J. P. M. Millar; 'An Outline of Political Geography', by Frank Horrabin; 'Newspaper Circulations', by James Reid; Plebs Forum; NCLC News; Plebs is 6d; by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year from the NCLC, Tillicoultry.

'WHICH?' The November issue reports impartially on: electric light bulbs, cough remedies, pet foods, dress hire and nylon whiteners, based on scientific tests and independent surveys. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, Lond, WC1.

ALAN Sillitoe's Ballad of St Pancras in 'Freedom', the anarchist weekly, 4d. by post, 3 months trial sub. 5s. from 17a Maxwell Rd, SW6.

TRADE Union Affairs is a quarterly theoretical journal of discussion and analysis edited by professional trade union officers. It will be published in December, price 3s. 6d. post free, obtainable from J. Garst, 15a Fitzjohns Av., London, NW3

JOHN Berger: Permanent Red. 16s. (post 1s. 3d.). From Lloyd's Bookshop, 64 High St, Wimbledon. WIM. 6723.

FRENCH scholarly works on literature, history, linguistics, science, political economy, etc, wanted. Also good libraries of French books. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St, London, SW1. VIC. 1583.

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd. NW8

SCHOOLS

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PERSONAL

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OVERSEAS Lond. Univ. student (m) grateful anyone wanting help in home who wd offer room exch. work. Box 8340.

SOMEWHERE to write? Journalist mum offers rent-free 2-rm flatlet in exch. some sitting-in 2 school-age children. Sussex town. Suit hermit. Brown, White Hart House, High Street, Petworth.

SOS. Student, ex SRN, SCM, desp. sks warm accom. C. Ldn. V. low rent exch. baby-sitt. &c. AMB. 5773 aft. 6 p.m.

FOREIGNERS in London are invited to come and talk about their impressions on Wed. 9 Nov. at London NLR Club, Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1, 8 p.m.

YAS Mina Orphanage, home for 100 Algerian Refugees. Need for support urgently requested. They have suffered greatly. Collections of old spectacles and Dentures bring good prices. Please help us. Collections to War On Want, 9 Madeley Rd., Ealing, W5. Carol parties helped us greatly last year.

ALL American students, of all political and racial colours, who are seriously interested in African Development, Independence, and Unity, are asked to write now to the American Committee, 200 Gower St, NW1.

WTD: youngish old man join similar long/short Freighter voyage. Box 8403

WOULD a few men and girls like to join a skiing party at Kranjska Gora, Yugoslavia (£27 10s. – 14 days). All arrangements definitely made through Renaissance Holidays Ltd. Write: Willis Watson, 15 Fox Street, Edgeley, Stockport.

CENTRAL London amateur theatre company requires dancers for pantomime, also actors/actresses shortly casting Shakespeare production. Ring BAY. 5853 evenings/weekends or write Box 8360.

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PERSONAL—continued

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WANTED – a room with a view, cupboard with hanging space and a cellar for my El Cid Amontillado Sherry (On second thoughts, please reverse order of ad.).

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7 Nov. at 7.30 La Sonnambula
8 & 11 Nov. at 7.30 Il Barbiere di Siviglia
9 Nov. at 7.0 Der Rosenkavalier (last perf.)
10 Nov. at 7.30 Macbeth
12 Nov. at 7.30 Carmen

Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

SADLER'S WELLS
Evngs 7.30 (TER. 1672)

No perf. 7 & 8 Nov.
9 & 11 Nov. The Marriage of Figaro
10 Nov. Tosca
12 Nov. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
Pres: Yehudi Menuhin
Return Visit of the celebrated Indian Dancer
INDRANI
and her Ensemble of Dancers & Musicians
St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1
1, 7, 8 & 9 November at 7.30 p.m.
Tickets available one hour before Concert at the Door, and any time beforehand from AMC:
Member: 3s., 5s., 8s. and 12s.
Guests: 4s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. & 15s.
Frthr inf. re (a) membership, (b) Weekly lecture-recitals, (c) Classes in Dances and Music, Sitar, Tabla-drums, from Hon. Sec., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Rd, N3. (FINchley 2934).

OPERA Circle. Sun. 6 Nov. 8 p.m. 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Rossini's 'La Cenerentola', intro. Douglas Craig, with mems Sadler's Wells cast. Details: Hon. Sec., WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8, Th. 2.30, S. 5 & 8. 'This Way to the Tomb'. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30, Thurs. 2.30. S. 5.0 & 8.15. Chekhov's 'Platonov' with Rex Harrison. Must end 19 Nov.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Sparrers Can't Sing'.

TOWER. 7.30, 4, 5, (mems. 6), 9, 10, 11, 12 Nov.: 'View from the Bridge' – CAN. 3475 (before 6). CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' & L'Après-midi de Mr Shaw'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'The Apple Cart' by Bernard Shaw. 7.30 9 Nov.; 2.30 & 7.30 10, 11 Nov. Admn free

CONCERTS

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23. – Free Concerts on Wednesday Evenings at 7.45 pm. 9 November: The Indigenous Music Drama of West Africa. Desmond Tay. 16 November: Dances and Music of Ceylon, Anura and Company. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7.0-7.40 p.m.

VIOLIN and Piano Recital by Henry Holst and Frank Merrick, in aid of The Gerard Heller Memorial Quartet Fund. Conway Hall, WC1. Tuesday, 15 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 10s., 7s., 4s. at Hall on night or from Miss Forster, 26 Fitzroy Square, W1.

GUITAR Society Recital. Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon. 7 Nov. at 8 p.m. Admission 3s. 6d.

CONCERTS—continued

MERMAID THEATRE (CITy 7656)
SUNDAY 13 NOV. at 7.30.
SONGS AND CELLO MUSIC

Dorothy Dorow, Soprano, Accompanied by Richard Rodney Bennett. Joan Dickson, Cello. Iain Hamilton, Piano. Cello Sonata IAIN HAMILTON (First performance in London). Machardo Songs DALLAPICCOLA. This Worlde's Joie RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT (First performance). Serenade for solo cello HANS WERNER HENZE.

Tickets 5s., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Theatre. Full details of Mermaid 'Music on Sundays' on application to Publicity Office.

95th Concert of French Music: Schmitt, Roussel, Franck, Sonatas. Jean Fournier (violin), Ginette Doyen (piano). Wigmore Hall, Tues. 8 Nov. at 7.30.

PIANO Playing for Pleasure. Two Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching, MA, BMus, (Oxon). With particular reference to the problems of limited time and the generally adverse reactions of neighbours to practice. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sats. 19 Nov. & 10 Dec., at 2.30 p.m. Adm. free. No tickets. Silver coll. Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Syllabus in advance from 38a Hollycroft Ave., NW3. HAM. 8256.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 5th Japanese Film Season. Until 6 Nov.: 'The Gate of Hell' (A). From 7 Nov.: 'The Burmese Harp' (X).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet, Sat. 5 Nov., 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

EXHIBITIONS

NEW LONDON GALLERY
17/18 Old Bond Street, W1.
(Associated Marlborough Fine Art Ltd)
Opening Exhibition:
GEORGES MATHIEU, Paintings & Water-colours.
Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.
28 Oct.-26 Nov.

MATTHEW Smith prints by Ganymed: 'Syringa' and 'Landscape near Aix'. Catalogue of full Ganymed range 2s. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

NIGERIAN Tribal Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 5 Nov Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

MANZU. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 6 Nov Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6 Admn 2s. 6d.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Pntgs Marek Zulawski, till 11 Nov.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: New pictures by Mary Kessell, Ruszkowski. Colour prints by Blair Hughes-Stanton. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WAIKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by T. W. Ward, Elvet Thomas and Clarisse Loxton-Peacock.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Terry Macsparran, to 10 November, 10-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Sculptures & Paintings by Bryan Kneale; New Paintings by Derek Middleton. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes 25 Nov.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Jack Smith – Recent Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 12 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. The Mysterious Sign. Until 3 December, Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems free.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Oskar Kokoschka in England and Scotland. Paintings and watercolours. First Kokoschka Exhibition in London since 1927. In aid of Children & Youth Aliyah and Save the Children Fund. 9 Nov.-15 Dec. Daily 11-5, Sats. 10.30-12.30.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd, W14. Paintings by Osterweil. 9-26 Nov. Mon.-Fri. 11-7. Sat. 11-5.

COLLECTORS Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11 (upstairs). Original works by top men 1790-1960 at reproduction prices £1-£10. Daily (except Thurs.) 11-5; all day Saturday 10-6.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Leonor Fini – Paintings. Until 3 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

SCULPTURE and Crafts from Thailand. An avalanche of Christmas presents for the fastidious. Exhibition open 8-19 November (Private View 7 Nov.). Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, SW1.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies Street, W1. Opening Exhibition: Sculpture of the Twentieth Century. Until 12 November. 10-6. Saturdays 9.30-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Cesar – Sculpture. Until 18 November. Daily 10-5.30 Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Robin Philipson: Paintings; First London Exhibition. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. 24 October-12 November. Graham Metson; Eddie Wolfram; Joan Knoblock. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Frederick Feigl & Michael Foreman. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. John Watson: Lithographs of the Racecourse. 1-26 November. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

MOLTON Gallery, Baram – Paintings & Collages. 26 Oct.-19 Nov. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

CEYLON: a painters' country. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Rd, SE5. Until 19 Nov. Wkdays 10-6, Suns 3-6. Free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm Free

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WATSON CHAIR LECTURES
LORD JAMES OF RUSHOLME
High Master of the Manchester Grammar School
will deliver four Lectures on
EDUCATION AND DEMOCRATIC IDEAS
15, 16, 22, 23 November
Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 5.30 p.m.
Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College London, Gower Street, WC1.
Admission free, without ticket.

THE FABIAN SOCIETY and CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY
Fabian Autumn Lectures.
Wednesday 9 November, 7.15 p.m.
Livingstone Hall, Tothill St, SW1.
CHANGING CLASS PATTERNS:
Dr Mark Abrams.
Front rows 4s., other seats 2s. 6d.
Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 8 Nov. 'A Philosophy of Applied Science' by Mr B. C. Brokes. 10 Nov. 'God's Existence and the Argument from Design' by Mr B. A. O. Williams.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON NLR CLUB
Monday 7 November
ISAAC DEUTSCHER
on
'The Russian Revolution: Fifth Decade'
7.30 p.m. for 8 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster.
Members 1s. 6d. Non Members 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Poetry. Rex Warner reads from the new book by Georges Seferis, Tues. 8 Nov. at 8.15 p.m. Adm. members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d. Discussion: 'The Mysterious Sign'. Speakers: Edward Wright, Roger Coleman, Chairman: Robert Melville. 10 Nov. at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d.

RICHARD Crossman, MP, will speak on the subject of his book, 'A Nation Reborn', 57 Eton Ave., NW3, on Wed. 9 November, 8 p.m. Chair: Ruth Orbach, A Pioneer Women function.

'THE Position of the Individual in International Law' – lecture by L. C. Green, LLB., Professor in International Law in the University of Malaya, Singapore, 8 p.m. Tuesday, 8 November 1960, Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College, Gower St, WC1.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Lecture & Discussion, 'Production and Wages', 8 p.m. Friday, 11 Nov. Memorial Hall, Windsor Rd, Ealing Broadway.

'CONSERVATISM and the Modern World – Mr Robert D. Milne, BA (Hons), Secretary of the Conservative Overseas Bureau, and of the Conservative Central Office will address this Society, New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, W1, Wed. 9 November at 8 p.m. Guests: 3s. 6d. Members: 1s.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled 'Foreign Affairs under the Third Marquis of Salisbury', will be delivered by Professor Dame Lillian Penson at the University of London, Senate House, WC1, on Monday 14 Nov. at 5.30 p.m. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Courts in Contemporary Society – The Civil Courts' will be delivered by The Hon. Mr Justice Diplock at 5 p.m. on 10 November at King's College, Strand, WC2. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Acad. Registrar.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 4 Nov., 8 p.m. Prof. N. Gorodetsky; 'Approach to Tolstoy'. Fri. 11 Nov., 8 p.m. Sir Cecil Kisch; 'Maria Bashkirzeva'.

PROGRESSIVE League. November meetings include Frank Norman on 'Criminals & the Public' Fri. 11 Nov., 7.30, Friends Inter. Centre, 32 Tavistock Sq. Adm. 2s.; Sten Sunfeldt on 'The Man-Woman Relationship – A Swedish Viewpoint'. Details of these & other activities from Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks (s.a.e.).

APPRENTICESHIP and Trade Unions. D. Winnard, TUC, and Austen Albu, MP. British Sociological Association Education Group. 8 p.m. Thurs. 10 Nov. 13 Endsleigh St, WC1.

FORUM – for Problems of Underdeveloped Countries. Meeting at 7.30 p.m. on Fri. 11 Nov. at Student Movement Hse, 103 Gower St, WC1. Mr J. B. Singh will speak on 'Civil Liberties in India'.

LE Regime de L'Information en France (Presse et Radiodiffusion)', by M. Jean Chatelain, Institut Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Tues. 8 Nov., 8.15. Ad. free.

J. F. HORRABIN: 'History in the Making – Africa'; at 8 Burgess Hill, NW2 (Rm No 9) Sat. 12 Nov. at 2.45 – Hampstead Humanist Society.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Khushal Singh: Radha Krishna – Film and Talk. 8.30. Fri. 11 Nov. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

ILP Forum. John McNair on 'With George Orwell in Spain'. Fri. 11 Nov., 7.30, Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd, NW1.

ISRAEL Broadcasting Service by the European Representative, Z. M. Konner, MA. 10 Nov., 8.30 p.m. Young Poale Zion, 57 Eton Ave., NW3. Non-mems 2s.

LECTURES, etc.—continued on p.715

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